THE GREAT GATSBY

First Draft Screenplay

by

TRUMAN CAPOTE

Based on the Novel by

F. Scott Fitzgerald

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THE GREAT GATSBY

1 INT. A TRAIN AND ITS WINDOWS: DAY:

Grimy windows with grey and shadowy urban nothingness skidding across their surface: streets and washlines that gradually dissolve into scraps of countryside.

As the train moves:

NICK CARRAWAY (V.O.)
Well, here I am again. On the 5.15 from Penn Station to West Egg, Long Island. Not that I've made the trip so often. Just this past month of May, 1922 - since I came East after four years at Yale and two years overseas putting down the Hun and a year at home with my Mid-Western family, all good and kind people, cousins, aunts, uncles, trying to help me settle what I should do in life. I could have stayed there, gone into the family business. But oh, my home town. The Mid West. It seemed to me the ragged end of the universe. And finally my father said: "Well, Mr Nick Carraway, you'd better do something. Why not go to Wall Street? Get in the bond business? Everybody else seems to be in the bond business. Surely it can support one more young man". So here I am: a twenty-nine year old bachelor living alone in a little house in West Egg. Ah, Ah. The eyes of Doctor T. J. Eckleburg!

2 EXT. VALLEY OF ASHES: DAY:

The train halts. Suddenly we are stranded in a very curious terrain: a valley of ashes, a great dump heap of ashes that stretches like limitless wheat, that rises into hills of drifting grey dust. Gradually we perceive that some sort of small settlement exists here: a garage, a bar, an all-night restaurant - an ugly oasis inhabited by a microscopic citizenry as used up and ashen as the setting.

NICK (V.O.)
The eyes of Doctor T.J. Eckleburg!

CLOSE UP: EYES OF DR ECKLEBURG:

A weird monument that sits atop these ash mountains, something so bizarre it dominates the landscape. An enormous pair of yellow spectacles situated, so to say, upon a non-existent face; and it is these spectacles that contain the gigantic blue eyes of some wild wag of an occulist whose name, DR T. J. ECKLEBURG, and telephone number (Tel. 2-1952) are printed across the retinas, which are a yard high and a yard wide.

2 cont.

NICK (V.O.)
Funny, but every time the train stops here and I look into the eyes of that joker Doctor Eckleburg, I think "God sees everything".

3 TRAIN & COUNTRYSIDE: DAY:

Almost immediately the scenery livens, lightens, freshens. It's green. It's June.

NICK (V.O.)
Speaking of the eyes of God, of feeling as though one possessed those eyes once, a friend took me for a ride in an acquaplane last Sunday. I've never been up in a 'plane before. It was quite an experience ....

4 EXT: ACQUAPLANE IN SKY: DAY:

Then:

P.O.V. SHOT: FROM ACQUAPLANE:

A glittering view of coastline running along Long Island Sound. The 'plane begins to circle a large seaside estate: a mansion with red tiled roofs, greenhouses, a swimming pool, a boathouse, gardens, immaculate lawns large enough for an eight-hole golf course. There is quite a crowd gathered around the pool or stretched on the mansion's private beach. Many of them wave and shout at the circling plane.

NICK (V.O.)
We flew over my part of Long Island. I must be the poorest guy living there. The great house below belongs to my neighbour, a certain Mister Jay Gatsby, rich and eligible so I'm told. I don't know him. I've never met him. But I'll say one thing, he's not the quietest neighbour a man can have. He plays to a full house - lunch parties, cocktails, orchestras that keep his parties going till dawn. The music, all those champagne voices ... sometimes I have a hell of a time getting to sleep. Otherwise ...

5 EXT. 'PLANE & NICK'S HOUSE BELOW: DAY:

The 'plane swoops past the Gatsby establishment and hovers a moment above a simple but rather attractive caretaker-type cottage.

5 cont.

NICK (V.O.)
... Otherwise, I'm quite content with this little place I managed to rent a month ago. I believe it was once part of a large estate - the gardener's cottage, probably. I only pay eighty dollars a month - just the right price for a struggling young financier.
(laughs)
But the real advantage is that my cousin, Daisy Buchanan, lives just across the bay....

6 EXT. 'PLANE, SOUND & BUCHANAN ESTATE: DAY:

The 'plane swoops across a short stretch of water. Aerial view of another water-surrounded estate, less gaudy than Gatsby's but more impressive in a subdued, tasteful way. The whole lay-out, which includes stables and paddocks and a polo field, is all white and green - green as money, but faded green, like old money. Nothing nouveau here.

NICK (V.O.)
That's the Buchanan place - there at the tip of the peninsula. But then the Buchanans can afford it - that and a great deal more. Daisy's husband was a classmate of mine at Yale. He pledged me for Skull & Bones, but we were never close friends because, I have to admit it, I was always awed by him, envious; he was too top star, too good-looking, athletic and rich - Whitney rich, almost Rockefeller rich. Not that Tom earned a dime of it; the hardest work Tom ever did was on a polo field. He used to travel with his own string of polo ponies and I could never get over it that a man of my own generation could afford to live like that. Daisy and Tom were married five years ago, and I've not seen them since the wedding. They were always travelling: Paris, Africa, the South Seas. But the first weekend after I moved out here, I called Daisy and she asked me over for lunch ....

7 EXT. GROUNDS: BUCHANAN ESTATE: DAY:

A two-seat, convertible coupe, top down, spinning through the iron-gated entrance to the Buchanan estate, winding along the twisty, apple-tree-lined lanes leading to the main house. NICK CARRAWAY is driving the car. This is the first time we see him en persona. It is a warm June day and he is wearing a white linen suit and a white linen cap and a pair of tinted driver's goggles. He is a sturdy young man, but finely made and one feels a sensitive strength about him, a reliability - the reliability of a good listener rather than outpourer, who listens well and, when required, responds with either an intelligent advice or sensible action. The afore-mentioned polo field precedes the actual turn into the circular driveway of the main house. It is by the side of the road, adjacent to the green-painted stables. There is a polo match in progress: six helmeted MEN swinging mallets as they prance astride the bounding ponies.

NICK brakes his car, steps out, walks over and leans against a fence lining the field. TOM BUCHANAN sees him, swerves his horse away from the game, trots over to NICK, dismounts, removes his helmet. He is a blond, sweat-drenched, oversize but well constructed man with a slightly brutish face that suggests both cunning and simple mindedness - not too much arrogance: a well-bred arrogance, controlled but there. His voice is a gruff, husky tenor, usually rather paternal. A NEGRO GROOM appears and, taking the reins of Tom's pony, trots the pony away to the stables.

TOM
(leaping over the fence)
Nick, my God - my God, Nick! I can't think how long it's been.

He throws an arm around NICK.

NICK
(laughing)
Five years. No, I haven't seen you since the wedding in Louisville when you arrived from Chicago with a private car and fifty guests, all there to watch you marry the most attractive girl in Louisville.

As they move along the road towards the house:

TOM
Daisy is still the most attractive girl in Louisville or anywhere else. Oh, I tell you, Daisy was pleased as punch when she knew you were moving into the neighbourhood.... How's the career going, Nick? What're you doing?

NICK
I'm a bond man.

7 cont.

TOM
Who with?

NICK
Sherbert and Norton.

TOM
Never heard of them.

NICK
(annoyed)
You will if you stay in the East.

TOM
(most seriously)
Oh, I certainly intend to do that. I mean, this is quite a spread, as they used to say in Illinois. It was built by Demaine, the oil man, but of course Daisy has changed it from attic to cellar.

8 EXT. FRONT DOOR: BUCHANAN HOUSE: DAY:

TOM opens the front door. A BUTLER is waiting in the entrance-way to accept TOM's riding gloves and helmet and NICK's cap.

TOM
(to Nick)
What would you say to a tall, cold Gin Rickey?

NICK rubs his hands and nods. TOM turns to the BUTLER. There is a subtle difference about this butler, an understated plainness of uniform that amounts to superior chic: grey alpaca coat, white shirt, black tie, black trousers.

TOM
(to Butler)
Andre, s'il vous plait, quatre le Gin Rickey avec beaucoup de glace.

BUTLER
Bien, M'sieur.

TOM
(to Nick, as they move into the interior)
French servants have it all over the English. It is a laugh, all these Long Island climbers with their pansy English butlers. Daisy brought our whole staff from the South of France, except for a couple of coloureds. You know these Southern belles ½ they always want their Mammies around.

9 INT. HALLWAY & DRAWING ROOM: BUCHANAN HOUSE: DAY:

NICK and TOM pass through a high hallway into a spacious rose and white room: rose walls and vases filled with red and white roses and all the furniture covered with summery white linen slip-covers. The room is bound into the house by French windows at either end. One of the windows is ajar and a sea breeze has set the whole room afloat: white gauze curtains billowing and rose petals dropping. The principal object in the room is an enormously comfortable-looking couch - white linen with masses of white linen cushions. Recumbent upon it are two young women, both dressed in fragile white dresses with longish skirts that ripple in the generally stirring breeze. Indeed, the young ladies - one, DAISY, a brunette of a certain pale-glowing black pearl brilliance and the other, JORDAN BAKER, a lean, tawny tuned-up blonde - seem to be floating about in the currents of air.

TOM
(slamming closed the French windows)
Daisy, damn all! All this wind - we'll catch pneumonia.

10 INT. DRAWING ROOM: BUCHANAN HOUSE: DAY:

With the door shut, the room settles down; the roses cease to shed their petals. DAISY ignores TOM. She slowly rises to a sitting position, all the while looking at NICK, a vague smile on her lips, not so much a smile as a condition of her face- an attitude.

NICK
(who has all the while returned her gaze)
It's been for ever, Daisy. Not even a kiss for old Nick?

DAISY
(holding out her hand)
I can't. I can't move. I'm too p-p-paralyzed with happiness.

As NICK sits down on the couch and kisses her on the cheek:

DAISY
I've truly missed you, Nick. Haven't I, Jordan? Haven't I told you how much I crave my cousin Nick?

JORDAN BAKER has remained silent and indolent - but her indolence, like her slight Southern drawl, is a mannerism disguising a super-alertness.

JORDAN
You don't remember me, Mr Carraway?

10 cont.

NICK
Well ... It's a face I've seen before.

TOM
In a hundred magazines. That's Jordan Baker, our youngest national golf champion - female.

DAISY
(laughing)
Jordan and I grew up together in Louisville. Our beautiful white girlhood was passed there together.

JORDAN
(with drawn-out, amused malice)
And that's where I met Mr Carraway. In Louisville. At that fantastic wedding of Tom and Daisy's. My aunt gave a dance for them at the Country Club. It cost her twenty thousand dollars, as she's never stopped complaining. And you drove me home from it. Very sober, you were - but I'd had too much bubbly and I told you, "I think you're very humpy", and you said, what did I mean - humpy? and I said, "If you don't know, let's forget it".

She laughs but the others, even DAISY although she also laughs, seem somewhat embarrassed. The BUTLER appears with the tray of Gin Rickeys. JORDAN refuses.

JORDAN
None for me. I'm in training. I have to play in the Nationals next week.

TOM
(swallowing his drink as though it were the merest lemonade)
It's amazing to me you ever get anything done, running from party to party.

JORDAN
(to Nick)
That reminds me - you live across the bay in West Egg, don't you, Mr Carraway? I know somebody there.

NICK
I'm afraid I don't know a single soul.

10 cont. (2)

JORDAN
You must know Mr Gatsby.

NICK
Oh, yes, he's my neighbour. But I've never seen him.

DAISY
(alert, yet as though she were recalling something from a half-forgotten dream)
Gatsby? What Gatsby?

JORDAN
(impatiently)
You must remember him, Daisy. He was one of those Lieutenants stationed at the Camp in Louisville in '17, before they went overseas. Dark, attractive in a rather raffiné way. He called himself Jay Gatsby. I say "called" because for some reason I've never thought that was his real name. Neither does anyone else.

CLOSE-UP: DAISY:

A shadow, an indication of concealed inner disturbance, has altered her cool features. She lights a cigarette none too steadily.

DAISY
There were so many young officers.

BACK TO SCENE:

JORDAN
And all of them in love with you. Lord, the cars that used to be lined up outside Daisy's House.

TOM
(irritably, to Daisy)
That must be the fiftieth cigarette you've smoked this morning.

DAISY
(shrugs and laughs as though exorcising a ghost)
Nick, you haven't seen my baby. She's three years old now. You ought to see her, she's so .... Wait, I'll have Nanny bring her down.

But the BUTLER appears.

10 cont. (3)

BUTLER
Madame, dejeuner est servi.

DAISY
Merci, André.
(then)
Well, perhaps after lunch. The first course is lobster souffle and that can't wait.

TOM
(heartily bragging as they all leave the room)
Wait until you've tested our chef, Nick. Disaster for the waistline but miraculous for the spirit.

11 INT. PORCH/DINING AREA: BUCHANAN HOUSE: DAY:

An immense glassed-in porch filled with green plants and flowering shrubs. There is a fountain spilling into a sizeable pool. The luncheon table, set for four and covered with a flowered cloth, is placed beside the pool. The BUTLER is pouring wine and the lunch is about half-way finished. Through the glass walls, we can see the grey-green, wind-rippled waters of the Sound and sail boats sailing on it.

NICK
You know, Daisy, on my way East, I stopped in Chicago for a couple of days and dozens of people asked me to send you their love - Bunny Johnston, Ted Tarben ....

DAISY
Did they? [redacted] Do they really miss me?

NICK
The whole town is desolate. All the cars have their left wheels painted black as a mourning wreath.

DAISY
Tom, can't we go there soon, just for a visit?

TOM
I don't care if I never see Chicago again.

DAISY
(mysteriously, cynically)
Yes. I understand that, under the circumstances.

11 cont.

She puts down her fork and studies her hand.

DAISY
Look at my hand. The little finger. It's all black and blue .... You did that, Tom. I know you didn't mean to, but that's what I get for marrying a brute of a man - a big, hulking ....

TOM
(crossly)
I don't like that word "hulking", even in kidding.

JORDAN
(yawning - she yawns a good deal)
Please, let's not start one of those.

DAISY
You're right. Let's not.
(to Nick)
I forgot to ask you something and it's important. We heard you were engaged to a girl out West.

TOM
That 's right, we heard that you were engaged.

NICK
It's a libel. I'm too poor.

DAISY
Good. I've always wanted to arrange a marriage. Now I can arrange one between you and Jordan. Lock you up in a linen closet - push you out to sea in a boat ....

JORDAN
(lighting a cigarette)
I don't think Mr Carraway is interested in me.

BUTLER enters.

BUTLER
(to Tom)
M'sieur, c'est le telephone pour vous.

TOM
(rising irritably - or rather, pretending to be annoyed)
Damn!

11 cont. (2)

After TOM's departure to answer the 'phone, there is an awkward pause - there is an inexplicable tension. As though to distract herself, but nevertheless with a certain stirring, swelling warmth:

DAISY
Of course Nick likes you, darling, and we're all going to have the most marvellous summer.
(then)
2 I love to see you at my table, Nick. You remind me of - of a rose ...
(suddenly, as though the moment - whatever it is she is enduring - has become unendurable, she throws her napkin on the table)
... an absolute rose.
(then)
Excuse me, I won't be a moment.

Now JORDAN and NICK are alone. They exchange glances consciously devoid of any meaning. NICK is obviously searching for something to say. JORDAN's attention is clearly elsewhere.

NICK
This, er, Mr Gatsby you spoke of - he must be a very gregarious fellow.

JORDAN
(alertly sitting up and with a warning finger to her lips)
Sssshhhh ....

Somewhere in the room beyond, an impassioned MURMUR is audible - a murmur that trembles on the verge of coherence, subsides, mounts, stops altogether. JORDAN is leaning forward, unashamedly trying to hear.

NICK
(persisting, mostly as a defence against Jordan's rudeness)
He does give the most extraordinary galas.

JORDAN
Would you please shut up! I want to hear what happens.

NICK
(truly innocent)
Is something happening?

JORDAN
(altogether surprised)
You mean to say you don't know?

11 cont. (3)

NICK
No.

JORDAN
I thought everybody knew.

NICK
I don't.

JORDAN
(hesitantly and as though, by some perverse reversal of character, she regrets the role of tale-bearer)
Well ... Tom's got some woman in New York.

NICK
Got some woman?

JORDAN
She might have the decency not to telephone him at lunchtime, don't you think?

DAISY reappears, all rustling, tense gaiety.

DAISY
Sorry, couldn't be helped. Couldn't be helped. Just one of those things. Come on, my loves, let's go for a walk in the garden. Everything is just perfect now and there's a nightingale somehow transported from England.

JORDAN
(rising, stretching)
Maybe nightingales for you, but it's nap time for me.

12 EXT. SUNKEN GARDEN: BUCHANAN ESTATE: AFTERNOON:

NICK and DAISY walking alone in a sunken garden decorated with topiary and statuary partly covered with vines. Everywhere there is a great spillage of roses. Bees hum.

DAISY
(picking a white rose, sticking it behind her ear)
Truth tell, we don't know each other as well as we might, even if we are cousins, but I know I can trust you.

12 cont.

NICK
Yes, you can.

Silence. They walk on.

DAISY
(finally)
Well, I've had a very bad time, Nick, and I'm pretty cynical about everything.

NICK
(recognizing Daisy's perturbation but not knowing quite how to cope)
I've forgotten now, what's your daughter's name?

DAISY
(absently)
Daisy.

NICK
I suppose - er - she talks and - er - eats and everything?

DAISY
(stopping, facing him, intently)
Listen, Nick. Let me tell you what I said when she was born. Would you like to hear?

NICK
Very much.

As they walk on:

DAISY
It'll show you how I've gotten to feel about things. Well, she was less than an hour old and Tom was God knows where. I woke up out of the ether with an utterly abandoned feeling and asked the nurse right away if it was a boy or girl. She told me it was a girl and so I turned my head away and wept. "All right", I said, "I'm glad it's a girl and I hope she'll be a fool. That's the best thing a girl can be in this world, a beautiful little fool".

During this, they have exited from the garden and entered:

12a EXT. DRIVEWAY: BUCHANAN ESTATE: AFTERNOON:

The circular driveway where Nick's car is parked. They have reached the car. They stand hesitantly. TOM is seen approaching from the stables, an English mastiff trotting at his heels. NICK glances at his wristwatch.

DAISY
Stay, Nick, don't leave. Maybe we can all drive into New York for dinner.

NICK
(already opening the door of his car)
Blessings, Daisy, but I've got a lot of home-work to do tonight.

Now TOM is upon them.

TOM
Leaving without so much as a thank you, Nick?

NICK
Thank you, Tom, it was a splendid lunch.

TOM
(glancing from Nick to Daisy in a manner both amused and defensive)
Has Daisy been giving you a little heart to heart?

DAISY
I was just telling him how sophisticated I am. God, I'm sophisticated!

NICK
(pretending not to have heard this, already running the motor of his car)
Thanks again, Tom. You too, Daisy.

TOM
(loudly and as the car starts de-parting)
Don't believe everything you hear, Nick.

13 EXT. REAR VIEW MIRROR OF NICK'S CAR:

NICK'S EYES looking into it. What he sees:

13 cont.

NICK'S P.O.V. IN MIRROR: TOM & DAISY:

standing together in the driveway: a shimmering and beautiful but rather desolate photograph. The car speeds; the image recedes ...

14 EXT. NICK'S COTTAGE: EVENING:

NICK arriving in his coupe. It is twilight now; sea, sky and foliage emerging into deepening greens and blues. A frail first moon hangs heavily on the horizon. Owls hoot. There is the SOUND of the sea; of mourning doves and trees; frogs.

NICK (V.O.)
When I got home I felt restless. I decided to walk down to the shore. I was still confused by what had happened at the Buchanans'. I couldn't imagine what kind of woman Tom could prefer to Daisy.

Now NICK has reached the edge of the lawn, where lawn turns to sand and sand to water. Far across the water, a faint green light flickers - the light at the end of a boat-landing.

NICK (V.O.)
But suddenly I realized I was not alone with the rising moon. A cat streaked across my path.

15/16 EXT. GROUNDS: NICK'S & GATSBY'S HOUSES:

A WHITE CAT leaping across the silvery lawn in the path that leads to a full view standing figure of a man (GATSBY). He is wearing a well-cut jacket and slacks. He takes one step nearer the sea. His silhouette becomes clearer. He is a young man, 30-31, but the features are indistinct.

NICK (V.O.)
I was certain it was my neighbour, Mr Gatsby. I almost called out to him. But then ....

NICK'S VOICE STOPS as though he has just observed something very odd. Meanwhile, the CAMERA HAS HELD ON GATSBY. Slowly, in the manner of the deepest yearning, in a gesture virtually prayerful, he has raised his arms, lifted them toward a vision across the water.

NICK (V.O.)
I decided not to speak, because it seemed to me he was trembling - trembling at something he saw across the water.

17 EXT. LONG ISLAND SOUND: NICK'S & GATSBY'S P.O.V:

as CAMERA FADES ON GATSBY and REVERSES to encompass the view as seen by NICK and GATSBY: the dark water, moon, the green light shining across the bay.

NICK (V.O.)
And it was just a green light. A little green light flickering at the end of Daisy's Buchanan's boat-landing.....

PAST FADE

18 INT. TRAIN & WINDOWS: MOVING: DAY:

(as in Sc. 1.) TOM and NICK are seated together, TOM next the window. He is reading a book. NICK is studying the contents of a briefcase.

NICK (V.O.)
A few days later, Tom and I happened to be travelling on the same train into town.....

TOM
(slamming shut the book and thumbing the cover with a thick finger)
Everybody ought to read this book. "The Rise of a Coloured Empire" by this man Goddard. The idea is, if we don't look out the white race will be utterly submerged.

NICK
(zipping up his briefcase)
You surprise me, Tom. How can you believe that nonsense?

TOM
(hotly)
It's all scientific stuff; it's been proven.

The train halts. TOM and NICK look out of the window. We are in the valley of the ashes, gazing into the eyes of Dr T.J. Eckleburg.

19 INT. COMPARTMENT: STATIONARY TRAIN:

An elderly CONDUCTOR collecting tickets appears.

CONDUCTOR
(accepting Tom's ticket and Nick's)
You know that little river that runs through here? Well, the drawbridge is up. We can be stuck in this hell-hole half an hour.

20 INT. TRAIN & WINDOWS: STATIONARY: DAY:

NICK groans, but TOM, staring at the forlorn landscape - the all-night cafe, the garage with its single pump - appears not at all disgruntled. Indeed, he seems to be pondering an exciting possibility.

TOM
(suddenly grabbing Nick's arm)
We 're getting off.

NICK
What?

TOM
(standing up)
We're getting off.
(literally forcing Nick to his feet)
I want you to meet my girl.

21 EXT. VALLEY OF ASHES: DAY:

TOM and NICK wandering through the ashen wilderness along the meandering street toward a stucco and yellow brick building with a sign: "GEORGE B. WILSON - CARS BOUGHT AND SOLD - REPAIRS".

NICK (V.O.)
I thought, well, he must have been drinking before he got on the train and I just hadn't noticed. But the last person I wanted to meet was Tom's mistress. I cared too much about Daisy for that, although I'll admit to a definite curiosity. It was impossible to conceive of how any woman interesting to the American Prince of Wales could be a part of this burning garbage heap, the Universe of Dr T.J. Eckleburg .....

22 INT. WILSON'S GARAGE: DAY:

NICK and TOM enter the garage of Mr George B. Wilson. The interior is unprosperous and bare. One car, a dust-covered wreck of a Ford, stands crouched in a dim corner. Humanly, it is empty.

TOM
(clapping his hands commandingly)
Hullo - hullo there!

22 cont.

The proprietor, MR WILSON, appears at the door of an office, wiping his hands on a piece of greasy wastepaper. He is a blond, spiritless man, anaemic. He is in his middle 30's and some memory of a never-too-defined handsomness lingers. At the sight of TOM BUCHANAN, a damp gleam of hope enlivens his light blue eyes.

TOM
Hullo, Wilson, old man.
(slapping him jovially on the shoulder)
How's business?

WILSON
(nasally unconvincing; the voice of a born loser)
I can't complain.
(then)
When are you going to sell me that car? The coupe? Fix her up, I really think I could turn a profit.

TOM
Maybe next week. I've got my man working on it now.

WILSON
(a pathetic man, hopeless, whining, yet touching)
Works pretty slow, don't he?

TOM
(coldly)
If you feel that way about it, maybe I'd better sell it somewhere else after all.

WILSON
(apologetic)
I don't mean that, I just meant .....

O.S. FOOTSTEPS sound overhead - the footsteps of a woman wearing high heels: a SOUND to which TOM is immediately attentive. Then the woman appears, MYRTLE WILSON. She is older than Tom by a good six or seven years. She is rather plump but carries her weight in a sensuous manner. There is a nervously smouldering quality about her, vital and totally physical, even though her face, round with sleepy cat eyes, contains not a facet or gleam of real beauty. A woman less like Daisy Buchanan could not be created. She walks past her husband as if he were a ghost. She shakes hands with TOM and, at the same time, wets her lips with her tongue - a gesture purposefully suggestive. Only a man as simple as MR WILSON could miss the exuding eroticism.

22 cont. (2)

TOM
Mrs Wilson, this is my friend, Mr Carraway.

MIRTLE nods, but her eyes stay with TOM. Outside, a car horn ~~honks~~ o.s.

MIRTLE
(in a dark, hoarse voice, full of merry shadows - one senses she has a delightful laugh)
George, that sounds like somebody wants you to pump them a little gas.

The pale MR WILSON hurries out into the ashen haze.

As soon as Wilson has departed, and ignoring NICK's presence: this is something absolutely between TOM and MIRTLE -

TOM
I want to see you.

MIRTLE frowns as though she foresees problems. Really, she is flirting.

TOM
I've got to see you.

MIRTLE
All right.

TOM
Get on the next train.

MIRTLE walks with TOM and NICK to the door. Outside, her husband can be seen pumping gas.

MIRTLE
All right.

TOM
I'll meet you at Penn Station. At the news stand on the lower level.

22a INT. PENNSYLVANIA STATION: NEW YORK: EARLY AFTERNOON:

TRAIN ANNOUNCERS hollowly announcing departures. TOM and NICK are standing together at the lower level news stand which is decorated with periodicals of that year: "Town Tattle", "Photoplay", "Carters", "The Saturday Evening Post", etc.

22a cont.

NICK (V.O.)
Tom insisted that I wait with him to meet her and even though it was a business day I succumbed. I had to know what it meant: the elegant Tom and this extroardinary Mrs Wilson ....

TOM
(to Nick)
Isn't it awful?

NICK
Awful?

TOM
That dreadful place she lives. And to think she's lived there for ten years! The ugliness of it. It does her good to get away.

NICK
And her husband doesn't object?

TOM
Wilson? He thinks she goes to see her sister in New York. He's so dumb. Actually, I think he's a bit mad - a religious fanatic. You know those huge fake spectacles, Dr Eckleburg? He's always telling Myrtle that those are the eyes of God.
(laughs)

NICK
(humourously, but as though some dark wing has just brushed him)
Then maybe we're both mad, because I've thought that several times myself.

TOM
Oh well, most of Daisy's relatives are bonkers. Incidentally, all this today is just between you and me.

NICK (V.O.)
And then - there she was, coming toward us ....

23 INT. STATION: CLOSEUP MYRTLE WILSON:

approaching the waving men. She is smiling, shaking with some inner chuckle of excitement and good humour.

NICK (V.O.)
She had changed her dress. All the greyness seemed washed off her. A coarseness remained, but it was the coarseness of sunshine.....

24 INT. TAXI: NEW YORK STREET: DAY:

A brilliant New York afternoon. The city seen from the interior of a taxi. MYRTLE is seated in the taxi between TOM and NICK. She is jubilant and chattering. She is dousing her neck and arms with perfume from a perfume flask.

MYRTLE
(to Tom)
Really, honey, do you like my new perfume? It's called Arab Nights. My sister Catherine gave it to me. My sister Catherine gave it to me and I gave some to her and ...
(she laughs, jogs Tom in the ribs)
we charged it to you. On that special account at Saks. And I bought some of the cutest little things for the apartment.
(suddenly, to Nick)
Tom and I have the cutest little apartment, I'd love for you to see it sometime.

TOM
(amused, really enjoying himself)
That's where we're going now.

NICK
No, honestly, if you could just drop me at the corner, that's only a block from my office.

TOM
Please, Nick - just for one drink.

NICK sighs.

MYRTLE
And I bought the most scrumptious pillows for the bedroom. Dolls. A [redacted] red-headed doll with a Spanish shawl.

24 cont.

The taxi stops for a red light. MYRTLE, glancing out of the window, sees an OLD MAN standing on the curb. He bears a remarkable resemblance to John D. Rockefeller. Dangling from a strap strung around his neck is a basket filled with a dozen very recent puppies of indeterminate breed.

MYRTLE
Tom! Look at those darling little puppies.
(earnestly)
I want to get one for the apartment. They're nice to have, a dog.

TOM
(reluctantly beckoning the salesman to the taxi window)
And just who is going to take care of it?

MYRTLE
My sister, when I'm not here.
(to the dog salesman, eagerly)
What kind are they?

SALESMAN
All kinds. What kind do you want, lady?

MYRTLE
I'd like to get one of those police dogs. They're good protection.

The SALESMAN peers doubtfully into the basket, plunges his hand and withdraws by the scruff of its neck a motley mongrel.

TOM
That's no police dog!

SALESMAN
No, it's not exactly a police dog, it's more of an Airedale.

MYRTLE
I don't care. I think it's cute. How much is it?

SALESMAN
(slyly admiring the dog)
That dog ... will cost you ten dollars.

MYRTLE
Is it - er - a boy or a girl?

24 cont. (2)

SALESMAN
That dog? That dog's a boy.

TOM
It's a bitch.

He seizes the puppy and tosses it into MYRTLE's lap. She hugs and kisses it.

TOM
(to Salesman)
Here's your money. Go and buy ten more dogs with it.

25 EXT. BROWNSTONE APARTMENT BUILDING: NEW YORK STREET: AFTERNOON:

The taxi arriving at a sidestreet address in the East 70's, where it deposits MYRTLE and TOM and NICK.

26 INT. LIVING ROOM: TOM & MYRTLE'S RENDEZVOUS FLAT: AFTERNOON:

The room is very uninspired "kept woman": velveteen curtains, a champagne-coloured silk couch, an ornate coffee table with waxed figurines of Indian maidens and cowboys marching across it. TOM opens the curtains. Dull sunshine reveals the room's particular tawdriness.

MYRTLE
(to Tom)
Honey, you get out the whisky and ice while I call my sister. Maybe we might ask a couple of people over.

But first she winds up a phonograph and starts a record playing. The tune is, "Ain't We Got Fun". From this point until the end of entire episode, the phonograph is in almost continuous use.

MYRTLE
Nick, you just put your legs up while I call Catherine - that's my sister. Operator - 87071 ... mmm ... 87071. My sister's said to be a looker by people who ought to know. Maybe you and her ....
(winks; wets her lips in that odd way)
Cathy! Hey, honey, yeah, I finally got away. Tom's got a friend with him ... mmm-hmmm ... why don't you come on over?

27 INT. TOM & MYRTLE'S LIVING ROOM: ANOTHER ANGLE:

TOM appears with a bottle of liquor.

CLOSE ON: GLASS:

as Tom fills it with ice and straight whiskey.

TOM (O.S.)
Shame to water this. Finest Scotch there is. I got it from the same bootlegger that supplies Texas Guynan. ?

In CLOSEUP, the glass is offered to Nick and NICK'S HAND is offered to receive it.

NICK (V.O.)
I have been drunk just twice in my life and that afternoon was the second time ....

28 INT. TOM & MYRTLE'S LIVING ROOM: ANOTHER ANGLE:

Gradually as these sequences seem to develop, the CAMERA shifts like the eyes of a drunk from haze to violently sharp focus.

NICK (V.O.)
A lot of people came by. The first was Myrtle's sister. She let herself in with her own [redacted] key. She didn't look at all like Myrtle .....

29 INT. TOM & MYRTLE'S LIVING ROOM: ANOTHER ANGLE:

As Nick speaks, we SEE the sister enter. CATHERINE is a slender, worldly girl with red hair, sleaked back and bobbed. She wears innumerable porcelain and pottery bracelets that clatter at her wrists. She glances around the room with a proprietory air. MYRTLE is sitting on TOM's lap. TOM is fondling MYRTLE's breast. MYRTLE is talking on the telephone.

MYRTLE
Oh, Edna, headache hell! You just come on over. We've got the most fabulous new tango records.

She pauses to blow her sister a welcoming kiss. Incidentally, MYRTLE has changed into a pair of chiffon lounging pyjamas and the change of costume has brought out in her a great theatrical hauteur which accelerates as the scene progresses. Her laughter, her gestures, become more violently affected by the moment.

29 cont.

MYRTLE
(still talking into the telephone)
Oh, it's not your head, it's your feet. I had a woman up here last week to look at my feet. Mrs. Eberstud. She goes around looking at people's feet in their own homes and when she gave me the bill you'd have thought she'd had my appendix out.

NICK
(to Catherine, starting to rise)
I - er ....

CATHERINE
(a serene flapper)
Don't stand up, it might spoil me.

NICK
I - er ....

CATHERINE
I know, you're one of Tom's rich Long Island buddies.

NICK
Not rich.

CATHERINE
In that case you'd better stand up.
(she pours a drink)
Or perhaps I'll sit down.

Then she notices the puppy who is sitting on the coffee table, shivering.

CATHERINE
Oh my God, where did this come from?

NICK
Your sister just bought it.

CATHERINE
Damn her, how could she be so cruel and...and--? I'll bet nobody's taken it out or - Tch! - give me your tie.

NICK
(obediently untying his tie)
What for?

30 cont.

NICK
(as though undecided whether to speak or not; finally:)
Daisy's not a Catholic.

CATHERINE
How do you know?

NICK
She's my cousin and I know she's not a Catholic. Episcopalean if anything.

CATHERINE
Myrtle's such a fool. Tch! She'll believe anything. Ten years with George Wilson and Tom Buchanan is her first lover. I guess she'd believe any lie.

30a INT. ENTRANCE HALL & STAIRWAY: BROWNSTONE: AFTERNOON:

As they climb the stairs:

CATHERINE
But rich or not, you do live on Long Island.

NICK
West Egg.

CATHERINE
Really?
(she makes a strange humming noise - an audible version of someone rolling their eyes)
I was down there at a party about a month ago. At a man named Gatsby's. Do you know him?

NICK
He's my naighbour./

CATHERINE
(a seriouus long pause; then, hugging the dog tightly)
I'm scared of him. I'd hate to have him get anything on me.

30a cont.

NICK
(surprised)
Really? Why?

CATHERINE
He's killed men. That's what they say. Or had them killed. It's all the same thing.

31 INT. LIVING ROOM: TOM & MYRTLE'S APARTMENT: AFTERNOON:

Now, when CATHERINE and NICK enter the apartment, there are five other PEOPLE in the room. The phonograph is louder. Smoke floats in layers. MYRTLE is dancing a solo. She is very high, haughty.

MYRTLE
(to Catherine)
Did you bring any ice, my dear? We're running out of ice. We hired a maid supposed to come four days a week and the only thing I told her was to keep this place packed with ice. Servants - oh, these people are impossible! And she's Irish!

CATHERINE
(to Myrtle, as she stalks past her toward the kitchen)
You've got some gall buying this beautiful baby and leaving me to walk and feed it.

32 INT. TOM & MYRTLE'S LIVING ROOM: ANOTHER ANGLE: THE GUESTS:

A melange of VOICES.

VOICE 1
I didn't know you had a dog, Myrtle.

VOICE 2
Why it's cute as pie! What's its name?

MYRTLE'S VOICE (3)
Oh, it's a little girl so I think I'll call her Lophea. I had a cousin named Lophea and I always thought it was such a pretty name. We always called her Little [redacted] Loafie.

VOICE 4
Little Loafie. That's certainly a sweet name for a female dog.

32 cont.

TOM'S VOICE (5)
(shouting)
Bitch! Bitch! There's no such thing as a female dog.

VOICE 6
Dave, Dave - honey, why don't you run downstairs and get your camera and take a snap of Little Loafie while she's still a puppy. It's always nice to have a picture of a puppy while it's still a puppy.

VOICE 7
What do you mean, snap? I don't take snaps, I make portraits.

33 INT. TOM & MYRTLE'S LIVING ROOM: ANOTHER ANGLE:

TOM lurches up to NICK. Well, "lurches" is not the precise word: he's not really drunk, not yet, but he's not too far from the curve of the road. He has taken off his coat. His shirt is half unbuttoned. His trousers are unbuttoned.

TOM
Je-sus, who are all these people? Where does Myrtle find them?

NICK
Your fly is open.

TOM
What?

NICK
I said your trousers are unbuttoned.

TOM
(grinning)
That must have been Myrtle.

But we can see by the motions of his body that he is rectifying the matter.

TOM
Honest, I don't know where she finds them.

CAMERA concentrates on the group in the room, selecting the various personalities, as TOM'S VOICE, o.s., points them out:

33 cont.

TOM (O.S.)
See that skinny-looking monkey woman? If Darwin had ever got a look at her, he wouldn't have had to invent his theory. Her name's Edna. Myrtle met her in some beauty parlour .... And the guy in the toupee? His name is Dave McKee, a photographer.... And the old granny - she's his wife; he's fifty and she's seventy-three. No kidding! A 73-year-old flapper. They live downstairs with twelve cats ... The lout, the big boy with the moustache, he's Catherine's new boy-friend, but she has a new one every three days.

34 INT. TOM & MYRTLE'S LIVING ROOM: ANOTHER ANGLE:

MYRTLE and the photographer, McKEE, approach NICK and TOM, arms around each other's waists.

MYRTLE
(her lipstick smudged, but her manner the manner of the grandest hostess at the grandest party)
Nick, I want you to meet a really special friend of mine - David McKee. A very great artist. He's taken over one hundred photographs of Isadora Duncan - you know, the dancer.

McKEE
(to Tom)
I was just telling Myrtle how much I want to photograph the way she looks just this moment in those divine chiffon pyjamas. The creamy colour ....

TOM
(hugging Myrtle)
Creamy, oh yes, Myrtle is very creamy.

MYRTLE
(pretending to deprecate her costume)
Oh this, it's just a crazy old thing - I just slip it on sometimes when I don't care what I look like.

34 cont.

McKEE
But I just know I could do something wonderful with it.

MR McKEE's strangely aged flapper wife comes up. MRS McKEE has a curious way of twitching her hips which are enshrined in a fringed skirt. She is smoking a cigarette in a jade holder. She talks like an iddy-biddy girl - an iddy-biddy girl who has studied too many copies of "Vanity Fair".

MRS McKEE
What I want Dave to do is some serious studies. He's a serious artist. A series of pictures of Long Island. He's already done two. We have them framed downstairs.

McKEE
One of them I call "Montauk Point - The Gulls".

MRS McKEE
The other is called "Montauk Point - The Sea".

McKEE
I'd like to do more work on Long Island if I could get the entree. All I ask is that they should give me a chance.

TOM
(with a little mean laugh)
Ask Myrtle - she'll give you a letter of introduction, won't you, Myrtle?

MYRTLE
(startled)
Do what?

TOM
(takes a deep swallow of Scotch). Now he is at the dangerous curve and turning)
Give McKee a letter of introduction to your husband so he can do some studies of him - "George B. Wilson at the Garage Pump", something like that.

CATHERINE enters carrying a bowl of milk and the puppy, both of which she deposits on the floor.

MYRTLE
You can be a bastard, Tom. A worse bastard then Mr George B. Wilson.

34 cont. (2)

CATHERINE
(coolly, to Myrtle)
Well, you married him, didn't you? Why did you, Myrtle? Nobody forced you to.

MYRTLE
(considering, in that half-drunk manner of someone walking a tight-rope of language)
I ... married ... him .... because .... because ... I thought he was a gentleman ... I thought he knew something about breeding. But he wasn't fit to lick my shoe.

CATHERINE
(not bitchily, just distantly, disinterestedly, factually)
George wasn't bad looking. You were crazy about him for a while.

TOM
(laughing, but meanly, and outraged)
Crazy about <u>him</u>? That moron?

MYRTLE
(incredulously)
I was never any more crazy about him than I was about that man there.

She points at NICK, who tries to show by his expression that he has played no part in her past.

MYRTLE
The only crazy I was was when I married him. I knew right away I'd made a mistake. He borrowed somebody's best suit to get married in and never even told me about it and the man came after it one day when he was out.

She looks from TOM to NICK to the McKEES to CATHERINE. Catherine's YOUNG MAN and EDNA are sitting on the floor trying to coax the puppy to drink the milk.

34 cont. (3)

MYRTLE
"Oh, is that your suit?" I said. "This is the first I ever heard about it. But I gave it to him, and then I laid down and cried to beat the band all afternoon.

MYRTLE bursts into tears.

35 INT. TOM & MYRTLE'S LIVING ROOM: EVENING:

NICK (V.O.)
After that, the afternoon wore into twilight and evening. There was more whiskey and other people arrived - people whose names I never heard. And there was a lot of arguments and shouting and the victrola never stopped and I remember the little dog lying under the coffee table scared and whimpering and I remember some sandwiches arriving from some famous delicatessen. Altogether there was something enchanting and repellant about it - the inexhaustible variety of life. But mostly I was in a golden, shimmering alcoholic haze, only every now and then something slid into perfect focus. For instance, the moment I remember best was sitting alone in a corner with Myrtle. She was telling me how she met Tom .....

The following is a monologue and throughout it the CAMERA STAYS ON MYRTLE, as though she were posing for a still photograph.

MYRTLE
It was ... just one day. I couldn't stand the ashes in my hair and the sound of the gas pump and George wheezing and whining. It was just one afternoon, I decided to catch the train and run up to New York, spend the night with my sister. Well, there was only one seat on the train and sitting across from me was a - a gentleman. I'd never seen anybody as beautiful as that, male or otherwise. Something like that takes hundreds of years of - of breeding. He was wearing a dress suit and patent leather shoes and I couldn't keep my eyes off him, but every time he looked at me I had to pretend to be looking at the advertisement over his head. When we came into the station he was next to me and

(MORE)

35 cont.

MYRTLE (cont'd)
he pressed himself against me so ... so I told him I'd have to call a policeman but -
(laughs)
he knew I was lying. I was so excited that when I got into a taxi with him my head was swimming. I felt as if some very tiny cold little fish was swimming in my veins....
(an ecstatic pause; then)
I'd never been with a man before, except George. We went to the Vanderbilt Hotel and all I kept thinking was, it's now or never, Myrtle, let yourself go - you won't live for ever.
(pause, a small frown, a sudden deadness of the eye)
And now all I think is, please God let this go on for ever. Tom, me, our little apartment - for ever, for ever. But I know it won't.

36/37 INT. LIVING ROOM: ANOTHER ANGLE: NIGHT:

NICK (V.O.)
Her face receded before me, like a pebble slipping under water. All around me the room seemed to be undulating. Cigarette smoke trembled and drifted like heat waves on the desert. Yes, it was like a mirage - a mirage at midnight. Mr McKee had fallen asleep in a chair. Mrs McKee was crawling on all fours trying to play with the dog. Two women were dancing together. Then, suddenly .....

38 INT. LIVING ROOM: TOM & MYRTLE:

The CAMERA settles sharply on TOM and MYRTLE, who are standing in the middle of the room in bitter confrontation.

NICK (V.O.)
Suddenly impassioned voices cleared the air ....

39 INT. LIVING ROOM: ANOTHER ANGLE:

TOM
You have no right even to mention my wife's name.

MYRTLE
I'll say it whenever I want to. Daisy!

TOM
Not out of your slut mouth.

MYRTLE
(shouting)
Daisy, Daisy, Daisy, Daisy ....

TOM grabs MYRTLE by the back of her hair, bends back her head and with a short, deft movement breaks her nose with his open hand. MYRTLE's nose gushes blood. There is a total hypnotized silence; only the SOUND of the victrola playing "Three O'Clock in the Morning". Then SCREAMS, pandemonium, a rush for wet towels, the sound of scolding VOICES.

CATHERINE
Tom, you son of a bitch, I'll kill you!

MAN'S VOICE
Christ, Tom, how could you do a thing like that?

CLOSEUP: MYRTLE

The blood is running down her face. Her eyes are open, stunned. Suddenly they shut. She screams:

MYRTLE
Daisy, Daisy, Daisy!

FAST DISSOLVE

40 EXT. NICK'S COTTAGE: LONG ISLAND: MORNING:

One week later. NICK is emerging from his cottage and hurrying toward his car. He is dressed for tennis: white shorts, shirt, a white sweater with a V-neck trim of blue and red stripes. He is carrying a court tennis racket. A MAN is walking toward him. They converge at the car.

MAN
(in an uneducated voice learned in some big city - Chicago or Brooklyn)
Hiya, you Mr Carraway?

NICK
Hmmm I am.

40 cont.

MAN
Nice morning. Not so humid. It can get pretty humid around here.
(then)
I'm Harold.

He waits, apparently expecting NICK to recognize him.

MAN
Harold - Mr Gatsby's butler.

NICK makes a long perusal of HAROLD, who is most properly dressed in a short black jacket and pinstripe trousers but whose appearance does not otherwise suggest his trade: cold, narrow eyes and a lopsided nose.

NICK (V.O.)
Well, Mr Gatsby's butler may have been a butler but one had the feeling that was not his original calling ....

HAROLD
Mr Gatsby asked me to deliver this to you.

He hands NICK a blue envelope. NICK opens the envelope and glances at the contents, then:

NICK (V.O.)
It was a note written on the most formal possible stationery and signed in a most majestic hand, "Jay Gatsby". He wanted to know if I'd come to attend a little party he was having the following evening ....

NICK
(to Harold)
Please tell Mr Gatsby I'd be very pleased to come.

HAROLD
Thank you, sir. I'm sure Mr Gatsby will likewise be delighted.

FAST DISSOLVE

41 INT. INDOOR TENNIS COURT: BUCHANAN ESTATE: DAY:

But this is not an ordinary indoor court. It is designed for Court Tennis - a game invented by [redacted] monks at French monasteries around the eleventh century. There are only fourteen courts in the United States, and the only privately-owned one on Long Island belongs to John Hay Whitney. The aspect of such a court is rather mediaeval. The roofs slope in a peculiar way which influences the angle of a player's shots tremendously. It is not a game for singles, only foursomes. The racquets are larger and heavier than ordinary racquets. TOM BUCHANAN and JORDAN BAKER are playing partners against NICK and DAISY. The ball is in swift progress. Nine passes, ten, eleven - then the ball hits the net.

DAISY
(who has netted the ball)
Damn all! I've always hated this game anyway.

TOM
(indignantly)
Court Tennis? Polo [redacted] aside, it's the most elegant sport in the world.

DAISY
But it's so mediaeval.

NICK
(laughing)
Well, it is mediaeval - invented I believe by some French monks eight hundred years ago.

DAISY
As far as I'm concerned, they should have left it in the monastery.

TOM
In that case, why did you bother to learn?

JORDAN
(intervening)
We both learned at the Foxweilders in Philadelphia. They have a court. It was just a snob thing to do.

NICK
Speaking of snob things, I've been [redacted] invited to a party at Mr Gatsby's tomorrow night.

JORDAN
So have I. Of course, nobody is ever really invited to Gatsby's - they just go.

Gatsby

41 cont.

DAISY
(nonchalantly bouncing a tennis ball)
What sort of people?

TOM
(scornfully)
Nothing but gangsters, if all I've heard about the man is true, and I've heard some very queer things.

JORDAN
(cheerfully)
There may be a few gangsters there - I'm sure there are, because every kind of celebrity turns up at Gatsby's. Movie stars, all the Broadway producers ....

TOM
(as he prepares to serve tennis ball)
Well, I'd watch my step both of you. That's a dangerous set-up over there.

DAISY
(contemptuously, and as the game begins)
Danger. What would you know about danger?

The ball remains in play about twenty seconds when it is netted again, this time by JORDAN. At the same moment, a man, a GARDENER, appears on the balcony overlooking the court.

GARDENER
Mr Buchanan - the butler just called down from the main house. He says you're wanted on the 'phone. Urgent.

TOM throws his racquet into the net with annoyance.

TOM
(to gardener)
Tell Andre to say .....

DAISY
(with smooth, sweet malice)
No, darling, not if it's urgent.

As TOM turns to leave:

DAISY
We'll wander on up to the house and meet you there for lunch.

42/43 EXT. MEADOW: BUCHANAN ESTATE: DAY:

NICK and DAISY and JORDAN are walking across the meadow overlooking the sea. The meadow is high with wind-stirred grass and sprinkled with wild flowers. Their destination, the main house, is in the distance.

NICK
(just making chatter in the tense atmosphere)
What sort of things does a man wear to these Gatsby affairs?

JORDAN
I've seen everything from cutaways to race tout plaid. But for you, darling, white flannels and a navy jacket.

Suddenly, without warning, DAISY breaks away from them and starts running ahead of them. There is an alarming desperation in the way she runs. NICK and JORDAN, after a startled moment, run after her.

NICK
Daisy, hold up there!

But DAISY continues until, abruptly, she trips, falls, rolls over onto her back in the deep grass. As NICK and JORDAN kneel beside her:

DAISY
(whispering)
God help us all. I never should have done it.

JORDAN
Have you hurt yourself, Daisy?

DAISY
(curtly; a sound in strong contrast to the wind scything through the grass)
Yes I hurt myself, I hurt all over. Even my ear-lobes hurt.
(now with real, with pale despair)
Why did you let me do it, Jordan? You were there. You knew about the letter.

JORDAN
I didn't know about the letter.

42/43 cont.

DAISY
You did. I had it in my hand when you came into my bedroom and found me drunk.

JORDAN
(to Nick)
It was the night before she married Tom. I came into her room half an hour before the bridal dinner and found her -

DAISY
Naked. Except for a three hundred and fifty thousand dollar necklace - a wedding present from Tom's mother. And I had a bottle of Sauterne in one hand and - now do you remember? A letter in the other.

JORDAN
(cheerfully)
I remember you asking me to congratulate you. You said, "I've never had a drink before but, oh, how I do enjoy it".

DAISY
And I took off the pearls and said "Take them downstairs and give them back to Tom and tell him Daisy's changed her mind. Tell everybody old Daisy has changed her mind".

JORDAN
(even more cheerfully - almost gleeful)
She began to cry. Cry and cry. I locked the door and got her into a cold bath but she wouldn't let go of the letter. She took it into the tub with her.

DAISY
It melted like snow.

JORDAN
And anyway, what was that damn letter?

DAISY
It melted like snow .....

42/43 cont. (2)

JORDAN
(gleefully)
I tell you I did quite a job on this girl. Cold tub, spirits of amonia, ice-pack on her forehead, zipped her into her dress - and a half hour later, with the pearls around her neck ....

DAISY
(mocking)
The beautiful virgin - almost virgin - oh, not really almost - descended the stairs into the diamonded arms of Louisville and Chicago and ....

JORDAN
And the next day at five o'clock she married Tom Buchanan.

DAISY
(her dark eyes slightly drooping, as though she were half awake, half not; slowly, dreamily and looking at Jordan)
And Jordan, darling, secretly, much as I love you, secretly that's why I always think of you as a Real Shit. Capital R Capital S.

JORDAN laughs.

DAISY
No, really. Because it's all your fault. You should have put me in that cold tub and held my head under until I drowned.

DAISY crosses her arm over her eyes. CAMERA DOLLEYS BACK until the three figures, NICK and JORDAN and DAISY, are miniature figures - near-white impressions on the breeze-tossed, seascaped meadow.

DISSOLVE

64 EXT. ROAD: LONG ISLAND: NIGHT.

The night of Gatsby's party. NICK has driven over to the Buchanans to pick up Jordan and escort her to the party. Now they are on their way, driving in Nick's small, two-seater coupe. But JORDAN is driving the car. The top is down and she has a gauzy kerchief tied around her head.

44 cont.

JORDAN
It was sweet of you to pick me up, Nick. I hate arriving at a party alone - a woman alone. I guess it's the only old-fashioned thing about me.

NICK
No, you're certainly not old-fashioned.

JORDAN
Just how do you mean that, sir?

NICK
For one thing, the way you insisted on driving the car.

JORDAN
But I always like to be in the driver's seat. Not very feminine perhaps, but it relaxes me.

At this moment, a headlighted car approaches in the left lane and JORDAN passes it so closely that the cars miss colliding by an inch or less.

NICK
Wow!
(then)
It may relax you but what about the passenger? That was pretty damn close to a head-on collision.

JORDAN
(unconcerned)
Mmmm-hmmmm.

NICK
Frankly, I think you're a rotten driver. Either you ought to be more careful or you oughtn't to drive at all.

JORDAN
I am careful.

NICK
No you're not.

JORDAN
Well, other people are.

44 cont. (2)

NICK
What's that got to do with it?

JORDAN
They'll keep out of my way. It takes two to make an accident.

NICK
Suppose you meet somebody just as careless as yourself?

JORDAN
I hope I never will. I hate careless people. That's why I like you.

JORDAN brakes the car and pulls it over to the side of the road. She switches off the headlights. She leans over and kisses NICK - an action entirely aggressive on her part. She is, so to say, in the driver's seat. It is a long kiss, in which the two individuals switch position: NICK now dominant and increasingly enthusiastic. The embrace ends. JORDAN starts the car and again careens it down the roadway. Silence, then:

JORDAN
(solemnly)
I liked that.

NICK
I liked it too.

JORDAN
But don't think it means anything. It's just as I told you five years ago in Louisville: I think you're very humpy.

NICK
I think you're kind of humpy yourself.

JORDAN
(laughing)
We'll see.

DISSOLVE

45 EXT. GATSBY MANSION: NIGHT:

Every light is lighted. The house glitters and floats in the darkness like a brilliantly lighted ship at sea. The estate road leading to the main road is awash with headlights of cars - limousinex, sports cars. And singing through the warm air, anticipatory and alluring, orchestra MUSIC. Not one of those little dance band affairs but a full and sweeping complement of oboes and trombones and saxophones and viols and coronets and piccolos and drums.

46 INT. GATSBY MANSION: HALLWAY: NIGHT:

NICK and JORDAN entering the Gatsby mansion. An enormous hallway with very high ceilings. It is crowded with other arrivals.

NICK
(glancing around)
Where's the host?

JORDAN
God knows. Sometimes you can come and go without ever seeing him.
(then)
Listen, darling, I'm going to the loo and do a little something about my lipstick. Just wander around - I'll find you.

47 INT. GATSBY MANSION: SEQUENCE OF SHOTS: NIGHT:

Alone, NICK traverses the terrain: halls, a ballroom and a billiard room and verandahs with marble balustrades. The other GUESTS are, on the whole, a matter of most exotic aroma: m beautiful girls with interestingly shingled hair wearing Spanish shawls and girls in beaded dresses that rattle and tinkle as they sway and swish. And there is a man, a genuine DWARF, who struts everywhere puffing on a cigar, and two girls dressed in yellow. Twice NICK stops fellow guests and asks if they can point out the host to him. Both are amazed by the question.

1st MAN
Gatsby? I haven't the faintest idea what the man looks like.

2nd MAN (DWARF)
Why, I don't even know if he's here. He very often isn't.

NICK encounters the butler, HAROLD.

NICK
(to Harold)
Oh, Harold - I've been here quite some while and still haven't had the pleasure of meeting my host.

HAROLD
(busy, pushing on)
We've had guests spend whole weekends here and they never met Mr Gatsby.

NICK wanders into:

48 INT. GATSBY MANSION: LIBRARY:

A most impressive room rising two storeys, with an array of library ladders and shelves lined with leather-bound editions. As NICK enters, there is no-one else in the room except a stout middle-aged MAN with enormous owl-eyed spectacles. He is standing on a library ladder with a brandy glass in his hand. He is quite drunk.

OWL-EYED MAN
Would you believe it - but they're absolutely real!

NICK
The books?

OWL-EYED MAN
Absolutely real. Have pages and everything. This fellow Gatsby is a regular magician! It's a triumph. What thoroughness! But - but he knew when to stop, not carry the joke too far. He didn't cut the pages.
(suddenly rather aggressive)
Who are you? Who brought you?

NICK
I was invited.

OWL-EYED MAN
Most people are just brought. I was brought by Mrs Roosevelt - Mrs Claude Roosevelt. I met her somewhere last night. I've been drunk for about a week now and I thought it might sober me up to contemplate a library.

NICK
Has it?

OWL-EYED MAN
Well - I ... I ... I ...

He starts to slide down the ladder, the brandy glass spilling out of his hand. NICK tries to catch him but he slides all the way to the floor and lies there in a drunken slumber.

49 INT. GATSBY MANSION: BALLROOM:

Now NICK is passing through the ballroom, where everything is pink - pink table-cloths and flickering pink candlelight. JORDAN sees him. She is seated at table with five other people, 2 girls and 3 men. One of the men is the DWARF.

49 cont.

JORDAN
(to Nick)
Darling, I couldn't find you anywhere.

NICK draws up a gold-gilt chair and sits down.

JORDAN
We were just talking about Gatsby.

DWARF
(blowing smoke-ring with his cigar)
Yes, we were just talking about Gatsby.

NICK
(really exasperated)
Well, would someone mind telling me exactly who is Mr Gatsby?

2nd MAN
(who has a moustache)
Nobody knows exactly.

JORDAN
He says he went to Oxford but I don't believe him.

DWARF
(sniggering)
He pronounces it Oggsford.

1st GIRL (LUCILLE)
They say he killed a man.

2nd GIRL (IRENE)
(a rowdy little blonde)
Men. Ted Wilkes told me the East River is full of men wearing Gatsby shoes.

NICK
Gatsby shoes?

JORDAN
Cement, darling. Solid cement.

MAN WITH MOUSTACHE
Actually, I think the truth of the matter is he was a German spy during the war. That's where all the money comes from.

49 cont. (2)

LUCILLE
Oh, no, it couldn't be that because he was in the American Army during the war.
(then, with a little shiver)
Still, you look at him sometimes when he thinks nobody's looking at him ... I'm sure he's a murderer.

NICK
But why? Why are you so sure?

DWARF
Gambling, bootlegging, all the rackets - including murder for hire.

IRENE
I don't give a damn what he does. I just like to have a good time and I always have a good time when I come here.
(turning to Dwarf)
Come on, baby, let's dance.

LUCILLE
Let's everybody dance.

They all leave the table, JORDAN escorted by the MAN WITH THE MOUSTACHE. NICK is left alone at the table. But not for long. A MAN carrying a glass of champagne suddenly sits down beside him. He is an elegant young roughneck, a person of indefinable origin. He is perhaps 32. His speech is very precise, the words carefully chosen, as though he were translating from one language to another.

MAN
(to Nick)
Excuse me, but your face is familiar. Weren't you in the Third Division during the war?

NICK
Why, yes, I was - in the 9th Machine Gun Battalion.

MAN
Are you enjoying the party?

NICK
Well - it's rather unusual for me. I haven't even seen the host. I live over there -
(he waves a hand at a point in the distance)
and this man Gatsby sent a butler with an invitation.

49 cont. (3)

MAN
(after a pause, as though failing to understand)
I'm Gatsby.

NICK
Well, I do beg your pardon.

GATSBY
I thought you knew, old sport. I'm afraid I'm not a very good host.

And he smiles at NICK with a smile of great rarity - an understanding smile, irresistibly prejudiced in your favour. HAROLD, the butler, appears at the table.

HAROLD
(to Gatsby)
Excuse me, sir, there's a particular gentleman calling you from Chicago. He's on the line in the library.

GATSBY
(to Nick)
Sorry, old sport. We'll get together later. Anyway, here's your party coming back.

Exiting, GATSBY greets JORDAN and Mr MOUSTACHE and the DWARF and LUCILLE and IRENE and some pimple-faced YOUTH who has been dancing with Irene.

JORDAN
(sitting down next to Nick)
I see you finally met the Great Gatsby.

NICK
The Great Gatsby? Why do you call him that?

JORDAN
Because that's how he strikes me. A Vaudeville act. A Hypnotist. The Great Gatsby.

NICK
(slowly, after serious thought)
I liked him.
(then)
He's absurd because he's pretending to be something he isn't. But whatever he really is is genuine.

JORDAN
You mean you would believe him?

49 cont. (4)

NICK
No.... But I'd trust him.

Suddenly the butler, HAROLD, reappears.

HAROLD
(to Jordan, confidentially but loudly enough for Nick to overhear)
Miss Baker, I beg your pardon but Mr Gatsby would like to speak with you alone.

JORDAN
(surprised)
With me?

HAROLD
He's waiting for you in the library.

JORDAN
(as she exits and, with a raised eyebrow, glances at Nick)
Don't leave without me.

50 INT. GATSBY MANSION: THE PARTY:

Now it is as if the CAMERA became an isolated and wandering guest at the party. It drifts past couples, joins dancers. It centres on a beautiful GIRL, who is singing along with the ORCHESTRA and sobbing.

VOICE (o.s.)
(from behind)
She had a fight with a man she says is her husband.

Now there are other VOICES overheard as the CAMERA waltzes and foxtrots through the rooms:

1ST VOICE
Elsa Kidwell? She's had her face lifted so many times she has to sleep with her eyes open.

2ND VOICE
The larger the party the better. At small parties there isn't any privacy.

3RD VOICE (FEMALE)
Who cares who he is or where he came from? Why is everybody talking about him?

50 cont.

4TH VOICE (MALE)
(answering above)
Do you suppose he could be queer? I've never seen him with a woman. Don't you think that that's queer?

3RD VOICE (FEMALE)
(replying)
You know what I think? I think you're queer.

5TH VOICE (MALE)
I agree with you, Lucille. Everybody at Yale always used to say Bob was a little light on his feet.

4TH VOICE (BOB)
(snarling)
Say, you want a punch in the nose?

6TH VOICE (MALE)
My wife asked me if I wanted a divorce so I told her, "Honey, all I want is a model with a little less mileage on it".

7TH VOICE (MALE)
These affairs must run him ten thousand dollars an evening.

8TH VOICE (FEMALE)
But where does the money come from?

7TH VOICE (MALE)
(replying)
If I could tell you that - tell you that for sure - they'd probably find me floating dead tomorrow.

9TH VOICE (MALE)
(elderly)
Chaplin? Chaplin? Yes, I've seen some of him. But I don't understand that sort of hobo humour at all.

10TH VOICE (FEMALE)
(drunk)
Everytime I'm having a good time he wants to drag me home.

11TH VOICE (FEMALE)
My husband's the same way, soneof-a-bitch!

51 INT. GATSBY MANSION: BALLROOM:

CLOSEUP: BEAUTIFUL YOUNG GIRL

sobbing and singing - but singing now tunelessly, with no relationship to the now jazzy background MUSIC: a pointless little song that she is making up herself.

GIRL
(sobbing and singing)
I'm so blue, so sad and blue,
Oh why am I so sad and blue?

52 INT. GATSBY MANSION: THE PARTY: ANOTHER ANGLE:

NICK (V.O.)
This was the first of many parties I went to at Gatsby's during that long summer. The crowd changed a lot. There was always some new and exciting celebrity - some movie star or baseball player - but mostly it was the same people who had accepted Gatsby's hospitality without paying him the tribute of knowing him. Most of them were there that first night, and some of them were .....

53 SEQUENCE OF SHOTS: PARTY GUESTS:

This is like a series of pictures taken for a rotagravure. The CAMERA gives a still-life glimpse of each of the persons as NICK mentions them:

NICK (V.O.)
... and some of them were: The Dwarf, Mr Hornbeam, who was said to be the richest dwarf in the world. And Dr Webster Civet, who was drowned last summer up in Maine. And the Blackbuck sisters - three flappers who always dressed alike and who were all said to be kept as mistresses by the same man, the dwarf, Mr Hornbeam. And there were all sorts of Long Island society couples - the Ismays and the Christies and the Auerbachs, who seemed interchangeable and who apparently did a great deal of swapping amongst themselves. And there was a man called Edgar Beaver - of no interest except that one winter afternoon his hair turned snow white for no good reasop at all. And there was Mr Benny McClennahan, the Follies producer, who always arrived with five girls, thought never quite the same ones. And there was a very rich and very cross-eyed debutante, Miss Faustina O'Brien, and young Brewer who had had his nose shot off in the war, and Mr Peter Jewett once head of the

(MORE)

53 cont.

NICK (V.O - cont'd)
American Legion. And a stunning Negro girl, Perdita Jones, whose mother had made a fortune from a hair-straightener and lived in a great mansion in Harlem and gave marvellous parties. And there was Mr G. Earl Muldoon, brother to that Muldoon who afterwards strangled his wife. And Miss Claudia Hip, a middle-aged lady who reputedly lived with her chauffeur and in fact had lived with a succession of them. And the handsome young Quinns - divorced now. And Henry L. Palmetto, who killed himself by jumping in front of a subway train in Times Square. And - oh, there were others: bums, bombshells, butterflies and moths. Most of all, there was a man named Klipspringer. He was there so often and so long that he became known as "the boarder" - I doubt if he had any other home....

54 EXT. GATSBY MANSION: DRIVEWAY: LATE NIGHT:

It is about three in the morning and the whole scene is a maelstrom of departing GUESTS - drunk and loud or silent and sick-looking. There are dozens of limousines with waiting CHAUFFEURS jockeying for position. The SOUND of honking horns is incessant. One car has run off the driveway and lost its wheel. A dozen people, each drunker and stupider than the other, are trying to help the driver of the car extricate it. The driver is the OWL-EYED MAN from the library.

OWL-EYED MAN
I don't know how it happened. I've hardly ever driven a car before.

Far off o.s., the ORCHESTRA still plays: "Three O'clock in the Morning".

55 EXT. GATSBY MANSION: DRIVEWAY: NICK'S CAR:

Amid the above hullabaloo, NICK is seated in the driver's seat of his own open-top car, observing the scene but indifferent to it, arms folded, patient, exhausted, just waiting for Jordan.

56 EXT. DRIVEWAY AND NICK'S CAR: ANOTHER ANGLE:

JORDAN suddenly appears at the side of NICK's car, surprising him.

JORDAN
Move over, Nick, I'll drive.

NICK
(shakes his head)
I'm not taking that chance again.

JORDAN
(taking passenger seat)
Balls to you, darling.
(she lights a cigarette)
What time is it?

As the car weaves down the driveway amid the genepal pandemonium:

NICK
Between three and four.

JORDAN
Then we must have been talking for more than two hours!

NICK
You and Gatsby?

CLOSEUP: JORDAN:

JORDAN
It was extraordinary. The most fantastic thing I've ever heard.
(she laughs)
I promised not to tell and here I am tantalizing you. But you'll know soon enough. Only not - not just yet. Amazing, though. Amazing!

NICK
Listen, instead of driving all the way back to Daisy's, let's stop over at my place. Maybe we can amaze each other a little.

JORDAN
(as the car moves through the night)
Not now, Nick. Tonight I've already had too many amazements.

DISSOLVE

57 EXT. DRIVEWAY: GATSBY'S CAR: SEQUENCE OF SHOTS: DAY:

Bright sunlight. A car in a driveway, photographed from different angles, as though for an advertisement. It is a richly yellow cream-coloured car of monstrous length, bright with nickel and terraced with a labyrinth of windshields that mirror a dozen suns.

NICK (V.O.)
Gatsby had a fancy yellow car of some special foreign make. Soon after the party evening, he asked me to have lunch with him in the city and we drove up in the car together. It had the most luxurious green leather upholstery.

58 EXT. HIGHWAY: MORNING:

GATSBY and NICK are speeding along in Gatsby's car. GATSBY is wearing a caramel-coloured suit.

GATSBY
(openly, without guile; smiling, and yet serious)
Look here, old sport. What's your opinion of me anyhow?

NICK
Well, I'm afraid I -

GATSBY
Because I don't want you to get a wrong idea about me. From all these bizarre accusations people make.
(eyeing Nick sideways)
You know what I mean?

NICK
Yes. I've heard a few things ...

GATSBY
(crossing himself)
I'll tell you God's Truth -
(speaking very rapidly)
I'm the son of some wealthy people in the West - all dead now. I was brought up in the Midwest but educated at Oxford - a family tradition.
(another sideways glance at Nick; but Nick's face is expressionless)
When my family died I came into a good deal of money.

(MORE)

58 cont.

GATSBY (cont'd)
(his voice now very solemn)
After that I drifted. All over Europe. Tried a little painting. Hunted big game. Trying to forget something very sad that had happened to me long ago.
(another sideways glance at Nick; Nick's enigmatic expression makes him frown)
What's the matter? You don't believe me?

NICK
To me that's not a proper question. I don't think one person should ever ask another whether he believes him.

GATSBY
(taken aback; but not very)
I'm going to make a big request of you today. So I didn't want you to think I was just some nobody.

At this moment the car enters the valley of ashes rising on either side of the highway. GATSBY pulls over to:

58a EXT. WILSON'S GARAGE: VALLEY OF ASHES: DAY:

The garage at the side of the road: "George W. Wilson". MYRTLE WILSON appears out of the garage. She has a cigarette dangling from her lips; her hair is all curled up with hairpins, and the tight summer dress she wears looks none too clean. You can [redacted] tell by the flicker of her eyes that she recognizes NICK Carraway.

MYRTLE
Yessir?

GATSBY
Mind filling her up?

MYRTLE begins to pump the gas. There is something poignant about the motion of her body.

58a cont.

GATSBY
(to Nick)
Then came the war, old sport. It was a great relief, and I tried very hard to die, but I seemed to bear a charmed life. I accepted a commission as first lieutenant when it began, and was later promoted to major, and every Allied government gave me a decoration.

GATSBY reaches in his pocket and hands NICK a medal slung on a piece of ribbon.

GATSBY
That's the one from France.

NICK
(reading aloud)
"Major Jay Gatsby. For Valour Extraordinary."

GATSBY
Here's another thing I always carry. Souvenir of Oxford days. It was taken in Trinity Quad.

NICK (V.O.)
(as he looks at picture)
It was a photograph of a half-dozen young men loafing in Oxford trousers. There was Gatsby, looking a little younger - with a cricket bat in his hand. And I thought: my God, maybe it's all true.

MYRTLE comes to the window.

MYRTLE
That comes to ten dollars.

NICK
(cordially, and as though he has made a sudden decision)
How are you, Mrs Wilson?

MYRTLE
(noncommital)
Could complain, but won't.

NICK
How's your little dog?

58a cont. (2)

MYRTLE glances over her shoulder and happens to see the grey figure of MR WILSON approaching the gas pump as:

MYRTLE
Dog? What little dog? I've never had a dog.

Then, licking her lips in that curious manner of her, she gives NICK a large and solemn wink.

FAST CUT TO:

59 EXT. BLACKWELL'S ISLAND: MORNING:

GATSBY's car crossing Blackwell's Island. A funeral cortege of cars, all with headlights burning, pass in the opposite lane. The spectre of Manhattan is in the distance.

GATSBY
As I say, I'm going to make a big request of you this afternoon.

NICK
(as if it were a joke; but nervously)
At lunch?

GATSBY
No. You'll hear about it this afternoon. From Miss Baker. I happened to find out you were taking her to tea.

NICK
(a bit sourly)
Do you mean you're in love with Miss Baker? And you want me to inform her?

GATSBY
No, old sport, I'm not. But Miss Baker has kindly consented to speak to you about this matter.

Suddenly there is the chug-chug-spat SOUND of a motorcycle, and a frantic POLICEMAN rides alongside. GATSBY stops. He takes a white card from his wallet and waves it before the man's eyes.

GATSBY
All right, old sport?

59 cont.

POLICEMAN
(tipping his cap)
Right you are! Know you next time, Mr Gatsby.
Excuse me.

The yellow car roars on.

NICK
What was that? The picture of Oxford?

GATSBY
I was able to do the commissioner a favour once.
So he sends me a Christmas card every year.

60 INT. SPEAKEASY: DAY:

A speakeasy on 42nd street, darkly panneled and dimly lit. Fans stir in the ceiling, and the atmosphere is dark and cool. GATSBY and NICK, led by a WAITER, are crossing the room when a VOICE hails them.

MAN'S VOICE (o.s.)
Mr Gatsby! Jay, old boy.

GATSBY and NICK turn to look at the MAN, who is sitting alone eating a solitary lunch.

MAN
Sit down! I'll buy you a drink.

GATSBY
(as he and Nick accept the invigation)
Mr Carraway, this is my friend Mr Wolfsheim.

They shake hands.

HEADWAITER
Highballs?

GATSBY
Yes, highballs.

MR WOLFSHEIM is a small, flat-nosed Jew with a large head and two fine growths of hair luxuriating in either nostril.

WOLFSHEIM
This is a nice restaurant. But I like across the street better.

60 cont.

GATSBY
It's too hot.

WOLPSHEIM
Hot and small - yes. But full of memories.

NICK
What place is that?

GATSBY
The old Metropole.

WOLPSHEIM
(filling a fork with some succulent hash)
The old Metropole. Filled with faces dead and gone. I can't forget so long as I live the night they shot Rosy Rosenthal there. There was six of them, and the waiter comes up to Rosy with a funny look and says somebody wants to speak to him outside, and Rosy says all right, and begins to get up from his chair, but I pulled him down. And I says: "Let the bastards come in here if they want you, but don't you move outside this room".

NICK
Did he go?

WOLPSHEIM
Sure he went. He turned around in the door and says: "Don't let that waiter take away my coffee". Then he went out on the sidewalk, and they shot him in the belly three times and drove away.

NICK
(awed as he remembers the case)
Four of them were electrocuted.

WOLPSHEIM
(picking his teeth)
Five.
(then, to Nick)
I understand you're looking for a business gonnegtion?

NICK looks surprised; a somewhat embarrassed GATSBY intervenes.

60 cont. (2)

GATSBY
Oh, no. This isn't the man.

WOLFSHEIM
(disappointed)
No?

GATSBY
This is just a friend. I told you we'd talk about that some other time.
(turning to Nick; smiling)
Look here, old sport. I'm afraid I made you a little angry this morning in the car.

NICK
I don't understand why you won't come out frankly and tell me what you want.

GATSBY
Oh, it 's nothing underhand. Miss Baker's a great sportswoman, you know, and she'd never do anything that wasn't all right.

Suddenly he looks at his watch, jumps up and hurries from the room, leaving NICK with Mr WOLFSHEIM.

WOLFSHEIM
He has to telephone. Fine fellow, and a perfect gentleman. He's an Oggsford man.

NICK
Oh?!

WOLFSHEIM
He went to Oggsford college in England. It's one of the most famous colleges in the world.

NICK
Have you known Gatsby long?

WOLFSHEIM
Since the war. It was the first time I ever met a man you could call a gentleman who understood anything about - well, business matters.
(then)
I see you're looking at my cuff-buttons. Finest specimens of human molars.

60 cont (2)

NICK
(more or less forced to inspect them)
That's a very interesting idea.

WOLFSHEIM
(shooting his cuffs)
Yeah.
(then)
Yeah, Gatsby's very careful about women. He would never so much as look at another man's wife.

Then, as GATSBY returns to the table, Mr WOLFSHEIM jerks to his feet.

WOLFSHEIM
I've enjoyed my lunch, and I'm going to run off from you two young men before I outstay my welcome.

GATSBY
(without enthusiasm)
Don't hurry, Meyer.

WOLFSHEIM
(raising his hand in a sort of benediction, and as he departs; solemnly)
You're very polite. But I belong to another generation. You sit here and discuss your sports and your young ladies -

GATSBY
(to Nick)
He becomes sentimental sometimes. This is one of his sentimental days.

NICK
Who is he, anyhow, an actor?

GATSBY
(cooly)
Meyer Wolfsheim? No, he's a gambler. He's the man who fixed the World Series back in 1919.

NICK
(stunned)
Fixed the World Series!
(then)
Well, of course, I'd always heard the 1919 World Series had been fixed. But I thought
(MORE)

60 cont. (4)

NICK (cont'd)
of it as something that had just happened. It never occurred to me that one man could play around with the faith of fifty million people - ! Why did he do it?

GATSBY
(smiling)
Greed.

NICK
But how did he do it?

GATSBY
He just saw the opportunity.

NICK
Why isn't he in jail?

GATSBY
They can't get him, old sport. He's a smart man. Shall we order?

At just this moment, TOM BUCHANAN passes the table and, when he sees NICK Carraway, stops.

TOM
Nick! Where have you been? Daisy's furious because you haven't called up.

NICK
This is Mr Gatsby - Mr Buchanan.

TOM and GATSBY nod at one another, the latter with a strained and unfamiliar expression.

TOM
See you later, Nick. But you'd better call Daisy or there'll be serious trouble.

A WAITER presents menus to NICK and GATSBY, as TOM moves away.

NICK
(glancing anxiously at Gatsby)
Anything the matter?

GATSBY
No.

60 cont. (5)

NICK
You look green. As if you'd seen the devil.

GATSBY
(staring blindly at the menu)
It's just part of the sad thing that happened to me. Miss Baker will tell you about it.

FAST DISSOLVE

61. INT. P[illegible] COURT OF [illegible] HOTEL: NIGHT:

In the background is the usual Palm Court music, a violin and a piano. Jordan is sitting up very straight in a straight-backed chair. We catch her mid-flight in a monologue to which Nick, with whom she is seated, is being especially attentive.

JORDAN

One October day in 1917, I was walking along that lovely old street in Louisville where Daisy and her family lived in that white house with all the lawns. Daisy had a little white roadster, and as I passed the house, I saw it was parked in the driveway and Daisy was sitting there with a soldier. Daisy was the most popular girl in Louisville. Her house was always swarming with young officers from Camp Taylor, but she seemed so absorbed in this particular young lieutenant that she didn't speak to me. She didn't even notice me go by. But later that week I saw her again. She was with the same young man, and there was a way he looked at her—well, it was the way every girl would like to be looked at. Anyway, she introduced me to him. His name was Jay Gatsby and I didn't lay eyes on him again for over four years. Even after I'd met him on Long Island I didn't realize it was the same man.

62. EXT. CENTRAL PARK: AFTERNOON:

The voices of children playing in the grass and under the trees chirp like crickets in the warm, blue air. Nick and Jordan are riding in a horse hansom.

NICK

Well, it's certainly a very strange coincidence.

JORDAN

But it wasn't a coincidence at all. Gatsby bought that house on Long Island so that Daisy would be just across the bay. (Wait; I have to go back a bit—back to 1917.) All That winter, while rumors were circulating about Daisy, she stopped dating altogether. One winter night, her mother found her packing a bag to go to New York to say goodbye to a soldier who was going overseas. The stop was just to that but she didn't speak to her family for weeks. Then suddenly, that spring, she

(OVER)

62. (cont'd) (2)

JORDAN (cont'd)

snapped out of it. She had a very gay debut, and in June made her family ecstatically happy by marrying the very rich Tom Buchanan. That next April, Daisy had a little girl and they went to France for a year. I ran into them in Deauville. I thought I'd never seen a girl so mad about her husband. She used to sit on the sand with his head in her lap, rubbing her fingers over his eyes. I don't know how all that could have changed so, except that he's one of those men who always need other women, no matter how much they may love the one they're married to.

A group of children suddenly appear, running along the side of the carriage, children begging for coins and singing at the same time: "I'm the Sheik of A ra -by, you're love belongs to me; at night when you're asleep, into your tent I'll creep."

JORDAN

Daisy hadn't heard the name 'Gatsby' until we mentioned it at lunch the other day. But afterwards, she said to me in the strangest voice, 'He must be the man I used to know.'

NICK
(flinging coins to the children)

But I don't see where I fit. What is the great request he wants of me?

JORDAN

He wants to know if you'll invite Daisy to your house for teasome afternoon, and then let him come over.

NICK
(Wildly astonished)

Is that all? (Then) Did he really feel that I needed to hear all this romantic saga before he could ask such a small favor?

JORDAN

He was afraid you might be offended. You see, he's bought this mansion, hoping he'd waited so long—five years— all in the hope of meeting Daisy again, and he's afraid,

(MORE)

62. Cont'd (2)

JORDAN (Cont'd)

even though, underneath it all, he's a regular tough.

NICK

Damnaest nonsense I ever heard. Why didn't he ask you to arrange a meeting?

JORDAN

He wants her to see his house—to impress her, I suppose. And your house is right next door.

NICK

Damnaest thing.

JORDAN

I think he half expected her to wander into one of his parties some night. But she never did. Then he found out that she was a friend of mine. I don't see anything really wrong with it, do you, Nick? I mean, Daisy ought to have something in her life.

NICK

Does she want to see Gatsby?

The carriage dips into a dark tunnel.

JORDAN
(Her voice an echo in the tunnel)

She's not to know about it. Gatsby doesn't want her to know. You're just supposed to invite her to tea.

(DISSOLVE)

63. INT. DAISY'S BEDROOM: MORNING

Daisy's in bed with a breakfast tray across her lap. She is dressed all in white silk. She is holding a large hand mirror, studying her face, but with concern, not pleasure. She is searching out signs of mortality. A telephone by the bed rings. She pays no attention.

(MORE)

63. Cont'd (2)

She lets it ring five times before answering.

DAISY

Nick! You are a letdown. Oh yes, you are... Work! I don't care how hard you've been working. You seem to have plenty of time for Jordan Baker! Not that I don't adore Jordan. I do. But seriously, Nick, she's a heartless sort of girl, and she cheats at games--cards, even golf. Be careful!...Saturday? Come to tea on Saturday? I couldn't adore it more. ...But what do you mean, don't bring Tom. I wouldn't dream of bringing Tom. But whatever the reason, I think it quite exciting that you don't want me to... Alright, I'll be there at four. Hugs, darling. A big kiss.

Daisy hangs up the phone. She lies staring thoughtfully at the ceiling. Suddenly she laughs.

DAISY

Oh, it can't be that! That would be incest!

(DISSOLVE)

64. EXT: NICK'S COTTAGE AND THE LANDSCAPE SURROUNDING GATSBY'S ESTATE: AFT:

A gray afternoon, pouring with rain.

65. INT. NICK'S COTTAGE: AFT:

He is answering a knock at the door. It is Gatsby, who enters followed by two gardeners carrying great baskets of flowers.

NICK (V.O.)

On the appointed Saturday, Gatsby arrived an hour early, nervous as a racehorse and very woebegone because it had been raining all day.

66. INT. SAME: AFT:

GATSBY

(After entering and glancing critically about the cottage living room)

Look, old sport. I hope you don't mind my having my men bring some flowers over from the greenhouse. Thought they might cheer things up a bit.

NICK

(MORE)

66. Cont'd (2)

NICK

The place could do with a little cheering.

GATSBY
(Looking at watch)

You're sure she's coming? She said absolutely that she would?

NICK

Absolutely.

GATSBY
(Hesitantly, shyly, sincerely)

Really, it's awfully kind of you to go to a ll this trouble.

NICK

No trouble.

GATSBY
(Leaning against the mantelpiece and tapping his foot metronomically)

There's another thing. (He fumbles) What I'm trying to say is...you don't make much money, do you?

NICK

Not very much.

GATSBY
(As though reassured)

I thought not. If you'll pardon my...(he fumbles, again) I have my hand in several sorts of...businesses. Various sidelines. And I thought,.. if you don't make very much...You're selling bonds, aren't you, old sport?

NICK

Trying to.

GATSBY

Well, this would interest you. It wouldn't

(MORE)

66. Cont'd (3)

GATSBY (Cont'd)

take up much of your time and you might pick up a nice piece of money. (Pause) It happens to be a delicate...a rather confidential sort of thing.

NICK
(He seems to waver for a moment, then, almost curtly)

I've got my hands full. I'm much obliged, but I couldn't take on any more work.

GATSBY
(Slowly, carefully feeling his way)

It's not what you may think, You wouldn't have to do business with Wolfsheim or any of that element.

NICK
(Ambiguously, but smiling)

Just because I'm doing you a favor— or what you apparently regard as a favor— please don't feel that you have to repay me in some...in some monetary manner.

GATSBY

Sorry, old sport. I didn't mean to offend you.

NICK

You haven't. (Looking out the window) It looks as if the rain is stopping.

GATSBY
(Fervently, but absently, almost to himself)

God, I hope so. I've thought all morning how I didn't want it to happen on a rainy day. Our meeting again.

NICK

The rain <u>has</u> stopped. There's a rainbow on the sea.

GATSBY
(He sits for a moment in a chair, looks at his watch, then jumps up again)

(MORE)

66. Cont'd (4)

GATSBY (Cont'd)

I think I'd better be going home.

NICK
(Startled)

Why is that?

GATSBY

Well, I can't wait all day. And it's too late. She's not coming.

NICK

Don't be an ass. It's just two minutes to four.

Outside, there's the sound of a car turning into the lane and a car horn honking, gaily; rather making a tune of it.

NICK
(Laughs)

You see? She's even early.

(CUT TO:)

67. EXT: LANE OUTSIDE NICK'S COTTAGE: AFT:

Indeed, the rain has stopped. The haze, like fine dew, hangs in the air. Daisy is getting out of her two-seat sportscar. She is wearing a lavender hat that slopes sideways across her face.

DAISY
(To Nick, as he approaches her)

Is this absolutely where you live, my dearest one? I adore it. Smell the lilacs. There's no smell like the smell of lilac after rain. (She kisses Nick's cheek and whispers) Are you in love with me?

NICK
(As they turn toward the house)

Yes.

DAISY

Is that why I had to come alone?

67. Cont'd (2)

NICK

That's the secret of Castle Rackrent.

68 . INT. NICK'S COTTAGE LIVING ROOM: AFT

Daisy and Nick enter. It is empty. Gatsby is not there.

DAISY

It's delicious, Nick. Cozy as a strawberry tart. And what beautiful flowers!

NICK
(Startled at not finding Gatsby)

Well, that's the goddamnedest odd thing!

DAISY

What's goddamned odd?

Suddenly, there is a light, dignified knock at the front door. Nick opens it and there stands Gatsby, white, waxen, tragic. He follows Nick into the living room. Gatsby and Daisy stare at each other. There is an unendurable pause.

NICK
(Finally)

Daisy, this is my neighbor, Mr. Jay Gatsby. Mr. Gatsby, my cousin, Daisy Buchanan.

GATSBY
(Solemnly)

We've met before.

DAISY

(In a light artificial note, but underneath, frightened)

I certainly am awfully glad to see you again. (To Nick) We haven't met for many years.

GATSBY

Five years, next November.

Another constrained silence.

68 . Cont'd (2)

NICK

If you'll excuse me a moment...

GATSBY
(Immediately alarmed)

Where are you going?

NICK

I'll be back.

GATSBY

I've got to speak to you about something before you go.

NICK
(Exiting)

I'm only going to the kitchen to see about the tea.

GATSBY
(Following after him)

I'll help you.

69. INT: KITCHEN OF NICK'S COTTAGE: AFT:

Nick has arranged a tea tray with a silver service. Now he is pouring hot water into a silver pot. Gatsby is watching him strickenly.

GATSBY
(Miserably whispering to himself)

Oh, God! Oh, God, oh, God!

NICK
(Really irritated)

What's the matter with you?

GATSBY
(Shaking his head side to side)
This is a terrible mistake! The worse thing I could have done!

NICK

(MORE)

69. Cont'd (2)

NICK
You're just embarrassed, that's all. (Then) Daisy's embarrassed, too.

GATSBY
(Incredulous)
She's embarrassed?

NICK
As much as you are.

GATSBY
Don't talk so loud.

NICK
You're acting like a little boy. Not only that, but you're rude. Daisy's sitting in there all alone. (Then) Here, you carry the tea tray and I'll (he picks up a large orange layer cake on a cake plate) will bring the cake.

(CUT TO:)

70. INT: NICK'S COTTAGE, LIVING ROOM: ART

Daisy is sitting rigidly on the edge of a chair as Gatsby, carrying the tea tray and Nick, carrying cake re-appear.

DAISY
Golly! It looks like a birthday!

And then the tragedy happens. In his nervousness, Gatsby trips on the footstool. He does not fall, but he spills the tray. The rug around him is awash with cream and broken china and scattered silver. There is a stunned silence. Gatsby looks helpless, like a child about to cry. Then Nick laughs, and Daisy, suddenly relaxing, laughs, too.

NICK
No harm. The china came from Woolworth's and the rug is scarcely a Bessarabian.

GATSBY
Really, I'm terribly sorry. I don't know...

70. Cont'd. (2)

DAISY

The hell withit! Actually, I hatetea.
What I'd really like is a glass of champagne.
Do you have any champagne, darling?

GATSBY
(Seizing the moment)
I do. Cases of it.

NICK
(To Daisy)
And anyway, you ought to see his house.
Why don't you two go over there and bubble up
while I clean up around here.

GATSBY

Can't I send a maid?

NICK

No, it's nothing, and I'll try to join
you later.

Gatsby looks questioningly at Daisy.

DAISY
(With a froggy, funny something in her voice)
Sounds fine, by me. Scrumptious, as we used to
say in Louisville.

(DISSOLVE)

71. EXT. LAWN OUTSIDE NICK'S COTTAGE: LATER AFT.

The rain has indeed stopped and curious rainbow-coloured clouds float fitfully in the sky.

DAISY
(As they cross the green, wet, glistening lawn,
pointing at Gatsby's house)

That huge place, there?

GATSBY

Do you like it?

71. Cont'd (2)

DAISY

I love it! But I don't see how you live there all alone. (With a rather anxious flirtation) Or do you live alone?

GATSBY

(Painfully serious)
I've never married. Never thought of it. Or anything else like that. (Then, quickly) I entertain a lot. Keep it full of interesting people, people who do interesting things. Celebrated people.

DAISY

We don't know anyone really interesting. Just polo players, golf players, bridge players.

Hal the butler, opens the door.

GATSBY

Hal, would you open a bottle of Hiedsick and leave it in the library? (To Daisy) While it's cooling off, I'll take you on a tour.

Distantly, there is the sound of a piano playing.

DAISY

(Happily, as she and Gatsby move through the carpet-hushed halls and marble-floored rooms) Your fortunes have certainly changed since I last saw you, Jay. What happened? Did you inherit a mint?

GATSBY

Oh, I've done very well. After the Army, I was in the drug business, and then the oil business, and now I'm onto--ah--several other things as well. It took me just three years to make the money to buy this house.

DAISY

Where's the music coming from?

74. INT. LONG HALLWAY, GATSBY'S HOUSE: AFT:

Gatsby is opening a door. He has a glass of champagne in one hand and the open bottle of champagne in the other.

GATSBY

And this is my apartment.

75. INT. GATSBY'S PRIVATE QUARTERS: AFT:

A small library-study, a bathroom and a dressing room lined with built-in drawers and suit-filled closets. There is a desk with a telephone on it. The telephone is ringing.

GATSBY
(Answering the telephone)

Yes? Ye-ees? (Then, angrily) Well, that was a damn fool thing to do. I specifically said to pick a small town. If Detroit is his idea of a small town, then he's not the sort of fellow we can use. Get rid of him...How? As you please, old sport, as you please... I can't talk now, anyway.

He hangs up. Meanwhile, Daisy has been examining the room, wandering, sipping champagne. Now she's at the window, looking out to sea.

DAISY
(As Gatsby hangs up the phone)
Come here quick!

Gatsby joins her at the window. Daisy reaches for his hand, holds it, whispers:

DAISY

Look at that! Those pink clouds. I'd like to put you on one of those and just push you around.

GATSBY

Do you know, if I thought all this was true, if I thought this wasn't a dream and that you were really here in this very room, I'd put my arms around you and...but you see, I can't believe that Daisy's really here.

DAISY
(Walking past him as though she needs a moment to consider the situation). She walks into his dressing room and slides back one of the sliding closet doors)

(MORE)

75: Cont'd (2)

DAISY

Jay Gatsby! You spendthrift! I've never seen so many suits! Or shoes! And Tom thinks he's a dandy!

GATSBY

I've got a man in England who buys me clothes. He sends me a selection of things at the beginning of each season. (He opens a drawer) He buys all my shirts, too.

Gatsby takes out a pile of shirts, and one by one, throws them on the floor, where they fall in many colored disarray: pale green shirts and lavender and faint-colored orange.

DAISY

(Slowly sinking to her knees and touching the shirts, hushed, reverential)
They're such beautiful shirts!

She bursts into tears and stretches out full length among the shirts, lies there, sobbing:

DAISY

It makes me sad because...I've..~~I've~~ never seen such...such <u>beautiful</u> shirts before!

GATSBY

(Kneeling)
If only you'd listened to my letter.

DAISY

I lost it. It got lost. Melted like a piece of snow. And then I got lost.

GATSBY

(He lies beside her, holds her in his arms, kisses her closed eyes)
But you're not lost now.

DAISY

Not now, no. (Then she rolls toward him, smiles)
But yes, I am. Alone and lost with you.

(DISSOLVE)

(CUT TO:)

75: Cont'd (2)

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(DISSOLVE)

(CUT TO:)

70. EXT. LANE OUTSIDE NICK'S COTTAGE: LATE AFT:

In the air there is a strange mixture of twilight and sunset. Nick is standing in the lane, looking across the rolling lawn, as Daisy and Gatsby, hand in hand, and with an in-step swing to their walk, approach him.

NICK (V.O.)

It was after six before they returned, and as they came across the lawn, they seemed to burn, to be literally radiant, a s though the sunset had lit them from within.

Nick, Gatsby and Daisy all meet at Daisy's car.

DAISY

(to Nick)
Sorry about your tea, darling, but I've had a divine time. Divine house, divine champagne.

She climbs into her car.

NICK

(To Daisy)
When will I see you again?

DAISY

Tomorrow night. Jay's having a party and I'm going to force Tom to bring me. (he starts the motor) A bientot Jay, Nick.

The car moves down the driveway. Gatsby and Nick stand together, watching the car go.

NICK

Can I offer you a drink?

GATSBY

No thanks, old sport. (Laughs) I'm intoxicated enough.

NICK

What is it about her? Daisy?

GATSBY

(Serious now)
Everything. Her voice.

76. Cont'd (2)

NICK

Voice?

GATSBY

It has the sound of money in it.

(DISSOLVE)

(CUT TO:)

77. EXT. NICK'S BEACH: MORNING

The pebbly stretch of beach that one reaches by walking from his cottage. Nick is swimming toward shore, through brilliantly sun-dappled water. He reaches shallow water, stands up and wades to the beach, and picks up a towel and starts drying himself. Nick is not alone on the beach. There is aman there, sitting on a large rock, his legs patiently crossed. Obviously, he has been waiting for Nick to rise from the sea. There is a sinister aura about this man; for one thing, although it is obviously a hot summer day, he is dressed in a heavy black suit and is even wearing a black, snap-brim hat. The effect is both citified and seedy. He looks grey and drawn, ulcerous. He is about fifty years old.

MAN

(Standing up)
Hello there! Are you Mister Carraway?

NICK

(Drying himself)
That depends. Are you a bill collector?

MAN

My name is Hambro. I'm a feature writer from the Evening Standard.

NICK

Oh, yes. The scandal rag. My cleaning woman reads it.

HAMBRO

(Sourly, the epitome of the man you can't insult)
Say what you will, we're active. Never had a libel suit yet. That's why I'm here--checking out the facts on a series I'm doing.

77. Cont'd (2)

NICK

About what? High life on Long Island?

HAMBRO
(Starting to pick his teeth with a toothpick)
No, low life. To be specific, the gentleman next door.

NICK

Why come to me? I don't know anything about him.

HAMBRO

He's your neighbor, isn't he?

NICK

Yes, but I don't know anything about Mr. Gatsby.

HAMBRO

Maybe I can tell you a few things. For one thing, his name isn't Gatsby. It's Gatz, James Gatz. I've done a lot of work on this story, traveled quite a bit. Even visited the place he was brought up, a farm in Southern Minnesota. Nothing but an old broken-down farmhouse.

NICK
(Curious, despite himself, but determined to play the uninterested gentleman)
If you'll excuse me...

HAMBRO
(Following along after him, as Nick walks along the beach)
So that story he tells everybody about being the heir of a rich middle-west family. That's a lot of bullshit. When he was sixteen, he ran away from home and changed his name to Jay Gatsby and got a job as a sailor on a yacht that belonged to an old Colorado gold miner, Mr. Dan Cody.

(MORE)

77. Cont'd (3)

HAMBRO (Cont'd)

Famous character in his time, lecherous old alcoholic. This Gatsby kid latched onto him, took care of him when he was drunk and when he died, Cody left the kid twenty-five thousand dollars.

NICK

So he was an heir, after all.

HAMBRO
(Not to be interrupted)
And he made that money roll. I mean, after the war he made certain connections and he made that money roll, in ways strange and mysterious.

NICK
(Having reached the door of his cottage, and as he opens it:)
Why do you suppose this should be of any interest to me?

HAMBRO

If I was you, I'd be interested, living in such a dangerous neighborhood.

NICK

Dangerous?

HAMBRO

Living next ~~XXXXXXX~~ door to a guy that's liable to be murdered any minute.

Nick slams the door.

(CUT TO:)

78. EXT. GATSBY'S GARDEN: NIGHT:

The night of Gatsby's party, the party that Tom and Daisy Buchanan attend. Opening shot: Gatsby's garden. Two figures, a man and a woman are seated on a stone bench, the whole scene saturated by moonlight. The young

(MORE)

78, Cont'd (2)

woman is of a thin, theatrical, perishable beauty.

DAISY (V.O.)

That's Mona Moore! My God, isn't she beautiful!

TOM (V.O.)
(Unimpressed)
Movie actress, isn't she?

DAISY (V.O.)

Beautiful! Like a human orchid.

(CUT TO:)

79. EXT-INT: GATSBY'S GARDEN AND HOUSE: NIGHT

Tom and Daisy exiting the garden scene and entering the ballroom, where the orchestra is playing to a swaying dancefloor.

DAISY
(To Tom, really trying to convince him)
It's fun! It's different!

TOM

Yes, indeed. That it is.

DAISY

I've never seen so many famous people!

TOM

Ah...I was just thinking I don't know a sole here--anybody one would care to know.

DAISY

They're more interesting than the people we see. Please, Tom, just for once, don't ruing the evening.

A girl in a taffeta evening dress passes by. She is drenched, her wet dress clinging to her and her hair dripping water. Two men standing near Tom and Daisy comment:

79. Cont'd (2)

FIRST MAN

Isn't that Lucille LaRue, the Ziegfeld Girl?

SECOND MAN

She's drunk. She keeps jumping in and out of the swimming pool.

TOM

(To Daisy)
More interesting than the people we know? Yes, I suppose you could say that. Who is this Gatsby anyway? Some big-time bootlegger?

DAISY

Tom!

TOM

I'd like to know who he is and what he does, and I think I'll make a point of finding out.

DAISY

I can tell you right now. He owns some drugstores, a lot of drugstores. He built them up himself.

NICK

There they are!

Nick is leading Gatsby through the crowd, pointing at Daisy and Tom.

DAISY

(Embracing Nick)
Nick!

GATSBY

(Slightly bowing to Tom)
It's a great pleasure to have you in my home, Mr. Buchanan. Have you had a look around?

TOM

Somewhat.

79. Cont'd (3)

GATSBY

You must have seen a great many familiar faces.

TOM

Actually, I was just saying to Daisy, I don't know a ~~xoxexxxxxx~~ soul here.

~~DAISY~~
DAISY
(As though to groom out Tom)
Jay, it's divine! I've never seen so many celebrities in my life!

TOM

Celebrities are not necessarily people one knows, or cares to.

The orchestra is playing 'Ain't He Got Fun,' and a man with a nasel voice is singing into a megaphone.

DAISY
(Distracted)
Let's dance. I haven't danced for months, years! Jay, will you dance with me?

(CUT TO:)

80. INT. BALLROOM: NIGHT

Daisy and Jay dancing on the dance floor. They move with a peculiar grace and closeness, as though they had been sculpted together.

DAISY
(Singing along with the music)
One thing sure and nothing surer
The rich get rich and the poor get poorer
In the meantime, in between time...

GATSBY

He's a bastard.

DAISY

Who?

GATSBY

80. Cont'd (2)

GATSBY

Tom Buchanan.

DAISY

Oh, he's just been drinking. He's been drinking all afternoon. Forget it.

GATSBY

I wish you could. Forget he ever existed.

DAISY

(Her lips against Gatsby's ear, a laughing whisper)
Well, you can't say I'm not trying.

(CUT TO)

81. INT. BALLROOM: NIGHT

Tom and Nick watching Gatsby and Daisy on the dance floor.

TOM

I don't care a bit for that...the way he's holding Daisy. It's almost as..though..,as though...(But he stops, as if his mind suddenly rejects the revelation that is waiting on the threshhold)
Damnit! What I can't understand is how Daisy ever met a fellow like that!

NICK

She met him when he was stationed near Louisville.

TOM

(Impatient)
Yes, yes. But how could they've become friends? Someone like Daisy and a rotter like him.

NICK

I don't know that he's such a rotter.

81. Cont'd (2)

TOM

Of course he is. Look around you, look at this menagerie.

NICK

Lots of people come who aren't invited. They just walk in and he's too polite to object.

TOM

You sound as though you like the guy!

NICK

In my own way, yes, I do.

(CUT TO:)

82. INT. GATSBY'S HOUSE: NIGHT:

The camera, again like a wandering guest, glides among the rooms and through the party. We see the Ziegfeld Follies beauty diving off the board and into the pool, and two fully dressed men, highball glasses in hand, diving after her, while a dozen onlookers scream and laugh.

We see the male vocalist of the band nasily singing through a megaphone.

We see a woman slap her husband across the face, shouting at him: 'I married a fool! A fool!'

We see the orchid-like film star, still sitting under the tree, but now the man with her has his hands over her breasts and is kissing the back of her neck.

We see Hal, the butler. He is surveying the ballroom with cool eyes. A drunk man walks up to him and says: 'Who are you?' and Hal replies: 'I'm Mister Gatsby's butler, sir,' whereupon the drunk gets the left side of Hal's chest and says: 'Since when do butlers pack a rod like that!'

We see interior of a ladies' powder room, and six women, ranging in age from eighteen to seventy, applying lipstick in front of a huge mirror. One of them is Jordan Baker.

We see the dwarf, doing a very fast, smooth foxtrot with a tall, frozen-face beauty.

82. Cont'd (2)

We see a fat man sprawled in a chair, snoring.

We see a beautiful red-haired girl, scarcely more than a child, dancing all by herself on the dance floor, totally wild, kicking off her shoes and throwing up her skirts.

As the above visual moments impose themselves, Nick comments:

NICK (V.O.)

Though none of us knew it at the time, this was the last of the Gatsby parties, the last party he was ever to give. Daisy and Tom left soon after midnight, but it was almost dawn before the last guest had gone. Then Gatsby said he would like to go for a swim and asked me to go with him. So, we went for a skinny-dip in his pool.

(CUT TO:)

83. EXT. GATSBY'S POOL: DAWN

A dawn sky is rippled with salmon colors. Gatsby is stretched out naked on a rubber mattress, floating. So is Nick.

GATSBY
(Miserably)
She didn't like it.

NICK

Of course she did.

GATSBY

She didn't have a good time. She thought the whole thing was just... just a lot of junk! She doesn't understand.

NICK

Well, a party like this was a new world to Daisy. I mean, she...

GATSBY

I don't mean the party! The hell with the party! I feel far away from her. It's hard to make her..understand!

(CUT TO:)

83. Cont'd. (2)

NICK

Understand what?

GATSBY

What it is we have to do. First, she has to tell Buchanan she doesn't love him and never has loved him. That she's always belonged to me. Then, when she's free, we'll go back to Louisville and be married from her house, just as we planned to do five years ago before her family started interfering.

NICK

(Tentatively)
That's...asking...rather a lot of her. Too much. No one can repeat the past.

GATSBY

(Incredulous)
Can't repeat the past? Why, of course you can! What's the point of work, achievement? If you can't use your achievements to correct past injustice? I've worked for Daisy! I deserve her!

NICK

I'm not saying you don't. I'm only saying...

GATSBY

I'm going to fix everything the way it was before. Just wait and see.

(CUT TO:)

84. LNT. CU

A swatch of black velvet on which is strewn four or five diamond rings, really sizeable stones, twenty and thirty carets.

(CUT TO:)

95. INT. JEWELRY SHOP: DAY

Full scene. Daisy and Gatsby sitting at a display counter of a smart jewelry shop, Cartiers or Van Cleef & Arpels, something on that order. An extremely bland and blank-faced clerk attends them.

GATSBY
(Examining one of the rings)
I don't know. In my opinion diamonds only look well on very old women.

DAISY
(Laughing)
That's true. There's nothing more marvelous than ~~xx~~ a ninety-year-old woman blazing with diamonds.

GATSBY
Actually, I've always thought of you...as an emerald...or a pearl. (To Clerk) Could we see some of both?

DAISY
(To Clerk, as he exits)
And rubies! (Then, to Gatsby)
Funny, I've never cared about owning jewelry, but I love to look at it.

GATSBY
Then lets look at lots of it.

DAISY
Though it's a little absurd of you, Jay, wanting to buy me an extravagant ring that I can't ever wear.

GATSBY
You can wear it when we're together. And maybe someday that will be always.

They look at each other. Gatsby's eyes hold hers, but finally she shifts her glance.

(DISSOLVE TO:)

86. INT. SAME AS 85: TWENTY MINUTES LATER

Now there are three clerks in attendance and an armed guard standing by, for the counter is afire with jewelry, and not merely rings, but earrings, bracelets, necklaces. Gatsby and Daisy are both in childishly high spirits, as though they had had several drinks.

GATSBY
(With a sweeping gesture)
Let's take the whole caboodle! (Then, to the blank-faced Clerk) Seriously, suppose we took the emerald ring, the emerald earrings and bracelet and the pearl necklace with the ruby clasp. How much would that run me, old sport?

CLERK
(Blandly)
Such a large purchase would be open to discussion, but I should say...around... eight hundred thousand dollars.

GATSBY
Wrap it all up! We'll take it with us.

~~Daisy~~
DAISY
(Happy, but a little embarrassed)
Mr. Gatsby is only amusing himself. (Then, as she looks at a square-cut emerald ring she is wearing) Really, Jay. The ring will do me quite well.

CLERK
(To Gatsby)
Will that be a check, Mr. Gatsby? Or a charge?

GATSBY
No, cash.

He takes out a wallet and begins counting out thousand dollar bills. Even the blank-faced ~~clerk~~ chief clerk seems slightly surprised.

GATSBY
Twenty-seven thousand dollars, is that correct?

86. Cont'd (2)

CARR

Hmm...yes, that it correct.

DAISY

You know, I don't think I've ever seen a thousand dollar bill before.

GATSBY
(Handing her a bill)
Here, have one. Keep it for mad money.

DAISY
(Smiling, but rather wryly)
Thank you, Jay. I just may need it at that.

(CUT TO:)

87. EXT. BUCHANAN ESTATE: DAY:

The gates at the entrance to the Buchanan estate and Daisy's car as it turns into them and stops. Daisy's humming to herself, 'Ain't We Got Fun,' as she looks at the emerald ring, which she removes from her finger and drops into her purse. Then she continues up the driveway.

(CUT TO:)

88. EXT. BUCHANAN ESTATE: ~~DAY~~ DRIVEWAY: DAY

As Daisy arrives and gets out of her car, Tom comes trotting up astride a beautiful grey horse. His three year old daughter, Pamela (Pam), is tucked into the saddle in front of him.

PAM
(To Daisy, stretching out her arms)
Mommy, Mommy! Daddy took me on the longest ride! We saw wild gooses!

DAISY
(Reaching up to take hold of the child)
Wild geese, my darling, wild geese.
(Kissing the child, whirling her around in her arms) How's my Pam-Pam?
Has she had a happy day?

(MORE)

88. Cont'd (2)

PAM

Oh yes, Mommy, a very happy day!

TOM

(Coldly)
That's more than her father can say.
(Dismounting) Do you know what you
did today, Daisy?

One of the household dogs romps by and Pam chases after it, disappears.

DAISY

(Good naturedly)
Yes, I went to the hairdresser and
then I had lunch with Jordan at the Ritz.

TOM

(Triumphantly angry)
When you should have been here
lunching with Mrs. Cornelius!

DAISY

(Closes her eyes, gasps)
God help me! I forgot!

TOM

And here I was, stuck with the old
bitch for two hours! It was damned
embarrassing! I can't understand what
goes on in your head lately.

DAISY

(Smooth, but truly bitter)
Well, I've always understood
what goes on in your head. You
let the whole world know. And
it isn't very pleasant knowledge.

TOM

Freddy Campbell tells me he saw you
walking on Fifth Avenue the other
day with that clown.

DAISY

What clown?

MIDPOINT OF SCENE BETWEEN DAISY AND TOM, P. 94

TOM
Mr. Gatsby.

DAISY
Yes, I met him in the street and he walked me a few blocks.

TOM
I've been finding out quite a few things about him.

DAISY
Hip, hip hooray! Tom Buchanan, boy detective.

TOM
Laugh all you like.

DAISY
(suddenly, surprisingly, kissing Tom on the cheek with authentic contriteness, a weary desire to make peace)
Listen, Tom. I'm sorry about today, about Mrs. Cornelius.

PAM
(reappearing with the dog)
Mommy, I'm thirsty. Can I have a lemonade?

DAISY
(picking up Pam, hugging her)
Let's all have a lemonade!

TOM
(laughing as he musses Pam's hair)
I want some gin in mine.

DAISY
(as they all turn toward the house)
Me, too!

<u>EXT. A STEAMER BOAT BETWEEN ALBANY AND NEW YORK - NIGHT</u>
Overhead shot of a steamer, thrusting up the Hudson River, the water calm and silvery in the summery dusk and the mountains on either side looming greenly, mysteriously.

<u>EXT. STEAMER DECK - NIGHT</u>
Gatsby and Daisy walking together, his arm around her waist. She has a gaudy bandana tied around her head as protection against the river breeze. Other couples equally involved with one another, pass them.

Daisy and Gatsby near the prow of the ship, leaning against each other in a deep embrace, kiss.

DAISY
(with her arms still around Gatsby's neck)
Do you know what Jordan said, when I told her this? About our jaunt on the Hudson River steamer to Albany?

GATSBY
(after kissing her again)
No but why did you have to tell her anything?

DAISY
Why? Because I had to make some excuse to Tom! I told him I was going to spend the night with Jordan and her old aunt in New Jersey. Whatever happens, she'll cover it. She's the only one I can trust, except Nick, of course.

GATSBY
Naturally Nick, yes... it's always possible to trust absolute innocents.

DAISY
Anyway, what Jordan said was, "The overnight boat to Albany? Darling I never heard of anything so deliciously cheap. Every man in New York has taken some tart or another on that dramatic cruise."

GATSBY
(Putting his hand over her mouth)
Please I don't want to hear that, not from you.

DAISY
Stop it, Jay! Stop idolizing me.
(laughs, lays her head against his breast)
Anyway, I'd rather you treated me as if I <u>were</u> a little cheap.

<u>INT. STEAMER - NIGHT</u>
Moonlight through portholes, silence except for the hiss of river water passing by. Gatsby and Daisy in bed, but we only see Daisy, in close up.

DAISY
(Head, face, naked shoulders, breast. Her face in moonlight, her tongue flickering across her lips, her head moving slightly side to side, then sudden stillness, a sharp catch of breath)

GATSBY (OS)
Tell me.

DAISY (CU)
I love you.

GATSBY (OS)
And...

DAISY
And I never loved anyone else.

GATSBY
Never?

DAISY
Never.

EXT. BUCHANAN TERRACE - DAY

A party of five lunching under an umbrella on the terrace of the Buchanan house, Tom, Daisy, Nick, Jordan, and Gatsby. As we examine the luncheon table, its occupants, its strange, apathetic atmosphere.

NICK (VO)
It all happened on one of the last and hottest days of summer. Daisy had invited Gatsby for lunch. It was the first time Gatsby had been to the Buchanans', and we had driven over together in his smashing yellow car.

TOM (CU)
(greedily swallowing a glass of ale then setting it down)
I read somewhere that the sun's getting hotter every year. It seems pretty soon the earth's going to fall into the sun. Ah... wait a minute, it's just the opposite. The sun's getting colder every year.

(Pan back to reveal entire table.)

DAISY
(throwing down her napkin)
What can we do with ourselves this afternoon? And the day after that. And the next thirty years.

JORDAN
Don't be morbid. Life starts all over again when it gets crisp in the fall.

DAISY

But it’s so hot! And everything’s so confused!

(Then she looks at Gatsby across the table. Their eyes meet, hold.)

DAISY (CONT)
Except you. Ah, you look so cool. You always look... so cool.

The tenderness, the love in her voice is so audible that even Tom hears it. His eyes, surprised, amazed, flash from Daisy’s face to Gatsby’s face.

GATSBY
(smiling uncomfortably)
Actually I ah... feel rather warm.

TOM
(evenly, but neutral tone)
I should think you might.

JORDAN
(in a lively, saving the situation spirit)
Let’s all go to town. I love New York on summer afternoons when there’s nobody around! We could go to one of those big, cool movie palaces.

NICK
(helping her out)
The Times gave a great review to something at the Roxy.

TOM
(standing up)
All right. I’m perfectly willing to go to town. Come on, we’re all going to town!

DAISY
Are we just going to go... like this? Aren’t we going to let anyone smoke a cigarette first?

TOM
(his temper slightly cracking)
Everybody smoked all through lunch.

DAISY
(as she and the rest of the table rise)
Oh let’s have fun! It’s too hot to fuss.

TOM
I'll get some whisky to take with us. Two quarts ought to keep ups merry.

EXT. BUCHANAN DRIVEWAY - DAY

A few minutes later. Two cars are parked in the smothering sunshine. Tom's coupe and Gatsby's yellow car. Nick, Jordan, Daisy, and Gatsby are grouped together beside the yellow car, waiting for Tom.

DAISY
(to Gatsby, pulling his face down to kiss him)
You know I love you.

JORDAN
Darling you forget there's a lady present.

DAISY
You kiss Nick, too.

JORDAN
What a low, vulgar girl.

DAISY
(snapping her fingers and starting to do a fast little shuffle dance)
Ah don't care, ah don't care!

Tom appears from the home, carrying two bottles of liquor in a paper sack.

TOM
(to the dancing Daisy)
No booze for you, Daisy. You seem quite happy enough.

GATSBY
(to Tom)
Shall we go in my car?

TOM
Is it standard shift?

GATSBY
Yes.

TOM
Well, you take my coupe and let me drive your car to town.

GATSBY
(none too pleased)
I don't think there's much gas.

TOM
(boisterous, and as he presses Daisy with his hand toward Gatsby's car)
Plenty of gas. C'mon, Daisy, I'll take you in this circus wagon.

He opens the door but Daisy moves away from him.

DAISY
You take Nick and Jordan, we'll follow you in the coupe.

TOM
(shrugs)
Have it your own way.

Tom and Jordan and Nick get into the front seat of Gatsby's car and Tom starts the motor.

DAISY
Let's meet at the Plaza Hotel and decide what to do from there!

TOM
(as the car starts off)
See you then!

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY
The interior of Gatsby's car, as Tom, Nick, and Jordan drive along the highway.

TOM
(imitating Daisy)
You look so cool, you always look so cool!
(then, to Nick and Jordan)
You must think I'm pretty dumb, don't you. Not to have caught onto this until now!
(He slams his hand against the car wheel, Nick and Jordan remain neutrally silent)
I've already made a small investigation of that bastard. I could have gone deeper if I'd known!

JORDAN
(teasingly)
You mean you've been to a medium?

TOM
(confused, as both Jordan and Nick laugh)
What? A medium?

JORDAN
About Gatsby.

TOM
About Gatsby? No, I haven't. I said I've been making a small investigation.

JORDAN
(helpfully)
And you found out he was an Oxford man.

TOM
An Oxford man! The hell he is! Oxford, New Mexico or something like that.

The eyes of Dr. T.J. Eckleberg, staring out over the highway, loom ahead.

JORDAN
(pointing at the dashboard)
You know Tom, Gatsby was right, we do need gas.

TOM
We have enough to get to town.

JORDAN
But there's a gas station right over there, I don't want to get stuck in all this heat.

NICK
Jordan's right.

TOM
(veering the car)
Oh well, alright, damnit!

EXT. WILSON'S GARAGE - DAY
Wilson, as he emerges from the interior and stands, staring glazed and hollow eyed at the yellow car and its occupants.

TOM
(roughly)
Let's have some gas! We didn't stop to admire the view!

WILSON
I'm sick.

TOM
Well, should I help myself?

WILSON

(with an effort, and as he begins the process of filling the car's gas tank)
Been sick all day.

TOM
What's the matter?

WILSON
I'm all right, and I tell ya, Mr. Buchanan, I need money pretty bad. I was wonderin' when you could let me have that old car of yours?

TOM
How do you like this one? I bought it last week.

WILSON
It's a nice yellow one.

TOM
Like to buy it?

WILSON
Big chance. No, but I could make some money on the other.

TOM
Why're you suddenly so pressed for money?

WILSON
I want to get away. My wife and I want to go west.

TOM
(scowling)
Your <u>wife</u> does?

WILSON
(innocently, almost as if talking to himself)
I just got wised up to something funny the last two days. That's why I want to get away. And now she's going, whether she wants to or not!

TOM
(harshly)
What do I owe you?

WILSON
A dollar, twenty.

During the last bit of dialogue, Nick's voice interrupts, overlaps.

NICK (VO)
It was just then that I felt the presence of the eyes, other than the eyes of Dr. T.J. Eckleberg, and glancing up at the window above the garage...

Full frame close up of window above the garage where a curtain has been drawn aside and where a woman's face, Myrtle Wilson, is clearly defined.

NICK (VO)
I saw where a curtain had been drawn aside, and I recognized Myrtle Wilson, staring down with a hypnotized expression, a sort of jealous terror. But it was not Tom her eyes were fixed, upon, but Jordan Baker,
(CU of Myrtle Wilson's eyes)
Whom she took to be Tom's wife.

EXT. PLAZA HOTEL - DAY

Tom's coupe is parked at the curb in front of the Plaza Hotel and Gatsby and Daisy are standing beside it, as Gatsby's car, containing Tom, Nick, and Jordan, draws alongside.

DAISY
(jumping onto the running board of Gatsby's car)
Slow pokes! We beat you by fifteen minutes! Listen, we've had the most marvelous idea! Let's all take a suite here at the Plaza and make mint juleps and take cold showers, and afterwards maybe go to a movie. Doesn't that sound divine?

JORDAN
Divine!

NICK
I like the mint julep part.

JORDAN
Same here.

INT. PLAZA PARLOR - DAY

The first moments of this scene are rapid, with restless movement much pacing, and lighting of cigarettes. Tom is on the phone ordering ice and fresh mint. Nick is opening windows.

DAISY
(in front of the mirror, fixing her hair)
My god! Maybe this wasn't such a good idea. It's stifling in here!

JORDAN

(in a Bronx accent that makes everyone laugh)
Oh I think it’s a swell suite... just swe-e-ll!

DAISY
(still at mirror)
Open another window!

NICK
No more to open.

DAISY
(turning around, finished now with the mirror)
Well, we’d better telephone for an axe!

TOM
(impatient, as he deposits two bottles of whisky on a table)
The thing to do is to forget about the heat. You make it ten times worse by crabbing about it!

GATSBY
(easily, but with an edge in his voice)
Why not let her alone, old sport? You’re the one who wanted to come to town.

TOM
That’s a great expression of yours, isn’t it? All this “old sport” business. Where did you pick it up?

DAISY
Now see here, Tom. If you’re going to make personal remarks, I won’t stay here a minute!

From somewhere deep within the hotel, there suddenly bursts portentive organ chords, Mendelson’s Wedding March.

JORDAN
Imagine marrying anybody in this heat!

DAISY
Still, I was married in the middle of June. Louisville in June. Somebody fainted... who was it who fainted?

TOM
(shortly)
Biloxi.

DAISY

A man named Biloxi, Box Biloxi, and he was from Biloxi, Tennessee.

NICK
I used to know a Bill Biloxi, from Memphis.

TOM
That was his cousin. They were both classmates of mine at Yale.
(his eyes slide towards Gatsby)
By the way, Mr. Gatsby, I understand you're an Oxford man.

GATSBY
Not exactly.

TOM
Oh yes, I understand you went to Oxford.

GATSBY
Yes, I went there.

TOM
Just when was this?

A waiter knocks on the door, enters into dead silence, leaves the mint and ice and exits in dead silence.

TOM (CONT)
I said, just when was this, that you went to Oxford?

GATSBY
It was in 1919. I only stayed five months. That's why I can't really call myself an Oxford man.

Tom glances around, to see if everyone else mirrors his disbelief, but everyone is looking at Gatsby.

GATSBY (CONT)
It was an opportunity they gave to some of the officers after the armistice. We could go to any of the universities in England, or France.

A moment of triumph for Gatsby. Nick regards him admiringly, Jordan sighs, Daisy smiles faintly.

DAISY
Open the whisky, Tom, and make us our mint juleps. Then you won't seem so stupid to yourself.

TOM

Wait a minute. I need to ask Mr. Gatsby another question.

GATSBY
(politely)
Go on.

TOM
What kind of row are you trying to cause in my house?

DAISY
(desperately)
He isn't causing a row. You're causing a row. Please... a little self control.

TOM
(incredulously)
Self control? I suppose the latest thing is to sit back and let Mr. Nobody from Nowhere make love to your wife!
(pause, then)
Oh, I know I'm not very popular. I don't give big parties. I suppose you've got to make your house into a pig sty in order to have any friends!

GATSBY
I've got something to tell you, old sport.

DAISY
(guessing his intention, and interrupting helplessly)
Please don't! Please... let's all go home! Why don't we all go home?

NICK
(standing up)
That's a good idea. Come on, Tom. Nobody wants a drink.

TOM
I want to know what Mr. Gatsby has to tell me!

GATSBY
Your wife doesn't love you. SHe's never loved you. She loves me.

TOM
(deeply scornful)
You're crazy.

GATSBY
(springing to his feet, vivid with excitement)

She only married you because I was poor and she was tired of waiting for me. It was a terrible mistake, but in her heart she's never loved anyone, except me!

JORDAN
(attempting to escape)
Nick, maybe we ought to go off to that movie alone.

GATSBY
No, I want you to hear this.

TOM
Yes indeed, so do I.
(to Daisy, striving for a paternal note)
Sit down, Daisy. What's been going on? I want to know all about it.

GATSBY
I told you what's been going on. Going on for five years.

TOM
(to Daisy, sharply)
You've been seeing this fellow for five years?

GATSBY
No, we couldn't meet. But both of us loved each other, all that time. I used to laugh sometimes, to think that you didn't know.

TOM
(excitedly)
You are crazy!
(pause, then)
I speak about what happened five years ago because I didn't know Daisy then. ANd I'll be damned if I can see how you got within a mile of her unless you delivered groceries to the back door. But all the rest of that's a God-damned lie! Daisy loved me when she married me and she loves me <u>now</u>!

GATSBY
(shaking his head)
No.

TOM
(looking at Daisy)
She does, though. She just sometimes gets foolish ideas and doesn't know what she's doing.
(nods sagely)
And what's more, I love Daisy, too. Once in a while I go off on a spree and make a fool of myself, but in my heart I love her all the time.

DAISY

(to Tom)
You're revolting.
(addressing the audience)
Do you know why we left Chicago?
(now, to Tom)
Why don't you treat them to the story of that little "spree".

GATSBY
(earnestly)
Daisy, that's all over now. It doesn't matter anymore. Just tell him the truth, that you never loved him, and it's all wiped out, forever.

DAISY
(looking at Gatsby, blindly)
Why? How could I love him, possibly?

GATSBY
You never loved him.

DAISY
(She looks at Jordan and Nick as though appealing to them, and then, with perceptible reluctance)
I... never loved him.

TOM
(suddenly)
Not in Capri?

DAISY
No.

TOM
(huskily, tender)
Not that day I carried you down from the punch bowl, to keep your shoes dry, Daisy?

DAISY
Please, don't!
(She tries to light a cigarette, her hands are trembling. She throws the cigarette and lighted match on the carpet, then turns to Gatsby.)
Oh, you want too much! I love you now, isn't that enough? I can't help what's past.
(She begins to sob.)
I did love him once. But I loved you, too!

GATSBY
(as though she has slapped him)
You love me too?

TOM

(savagely)
Even that’s a lie! She didn’t know you were alive! Why, there are things between Daisy and me... that neither of us can forget.

GATSBY
(faltering)
I want to speak to Daisy alone. She’s all excited now.

DAISY
(despairing, pitiful)
Even alone I can’t say I never loved Tom. It wouldn’t be true.

TOM
Of course it wouldn’t.

DAISY
(to Tom)
As if it mattered to you.

TOM
Of course it matters. I’m going to take better care of you from now on.

GATSBY
(with a touch of panic)
You don’t understand. You’re not going to take care of her anymore!

TOM
(opening his eyes wide and laughing)
I’m not? Why’s that?

GATSBY
Daisy’s leaving you.

TOM
Nonsense!

DAISY
I am, though.

TOM
(advancing on Gatsby, true eye to eye confrontation)
She’s not leaving me- certainly not for a smuggler, a bootlegger, a common little swindler who would have to steal the ring he put on her finger!

DAISY
I won’t stand this! Oh please let’s go out!

TOM

(to Gatsby)
Who are you anyhow? You hang around with Meyer Wolfsheim! You're one of that murderous, thieving bunch!

GATSBY
(calmly)
I guess your friend, Walter Chase, wasn't to proud to associate himself with me.

TOM
And you left him in the lurch, didn't you? You let him go to jail for a month! God you ought to hear Walter on the subject of you!

GATSBY
He came to me dead broke. He was so very glad to pick up some money, old sport.

TOM
(shouting)
Don't call me old sport!
(then, slowly)
Walter could have you up on the betting laws, but Wolfsheim scared him into shutting his mouth. And now you've got some plot going that even Walter's afraid to tell me about.

DAISY
Please, Tom! I can't stand this anymore!

Tom and Gatsby look at each other for a long moment, then Tom turns his back on Gatsby, contemptuously.

TOM
(back to camera)
Why don't you start on home, Daisy. In Mr. Gatsby's car. No, go on. He won't annoy you. I think he realizes his presumptuous little flirtation is over.

INT. WILSON'S LIVING ROOM - DAY
Wilson's living room above the garage, bare and shabby. Myrtle Wilson standing by the window, arms folded. The window overlooks the ash heap and eyes of Dr. T.J. Eckleberg. Suddenly there is the sound of a key turning in the lock. The door opens and Wilson enters. Myrtle rushes at him. They grapple.

MYRTLE
You rotten little bastard! THrow me down and beat me instead of keeping me locked up here day after day!

WILSON
You'll stay locked up til we're ready to leave.

MYRTLE
Bastard!

WILSON
(Dragging her to the window and forcing her to look out at the eyes of Dr. T.J. Eckleberg)
Look there, woman! You maybe can fool me, but the eyes of God see everything. He knows what you've been up to.

Myrtle struggles violently with him and manages to free herself. She runs to the door and opens it, Wilson following after her.

INT. WILSON'S GARAGE - DAY
Myrtle running down the stairs.

EXT. WILSON'S GARAGE - DAY
As Myrtle emerges running.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY
The highway as Myrtle runs toward it. There are two cars passing in opposite directions, a sedan and Gatsby's yellow car. Myrtle sees the yellow car and runs toward it, waves at it, as though trying to flag it down.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY
The yellow car hits Myrtle, careens slightly as she is flung to the pavement, and then drives hurriedly on.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY
Close up of Myrtle sprawled on the highway, her dress ripped open, her dead eyes open, blood spreading everywhere and a crowd beginning to gather around.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY
Shot of Tom Buchanan's coupe as it approaches the scene of the accident.

INT. TOM'S COUPE - DAY
Tom, Nick, and Jordan in the front seat.

TOM
Wreck! That's good, Wilson'll have a little business at last!
(He slows down then brakes the car to a halt.)
Wait here. I'll take a look. Just a look.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY
Tom walks to the edge of the crowd, which has grown quite large and includes several policemen. Wilson is there but he does not see Tom. Wilson is leaning against another man, wailing over and over "Oh my god, Oh my god!" Tom stands on tiptoe and peers

over the shoulders of the crowd. All around him there are voices.

MAN'S VOICE
Killed instantly.

SECOND MAN
She ran out in the road. Son of a bitch didn’t even stop his car.

WOMAN
It was a big yellow car.

INT. TOM’S CAR - DAY
Tom, shocked, sick looking, walks rapidly back to his car, opens the door, gets in, sits silently for a moment saying nothing to Nick and Jordan. Then tears start to flow down Tom’s face. He sobs, and drops his head, pressing his forehead against the steering wheel.

TOM
(whispering)
That God-damned coward! He didn’t even stop his car.

EXT. WILSON'S GARAGE - DAY
Wilson is hitchhiking along the edge of the road. He is dressed as before, in work shirt and trousers. An old car stops for him. The driver is a man in his late 20’s, a workman with rolled up sleeves.

DRIVER
Where ya goin’, Mister?

WILSON
East Egg.

DRIVER
Hop in. I can take you to the turn-off.

INT. DRIVER’S CAR - DAY
The Driver and WIlson, pale, sullen, his eyes swollen from weeping, ride in silence. Then Wilson pulls a revolver from his pocket and clicks open the chamber, as if checking to see that it’s fully loaded.

DRIVER
(alarmed)
Hey! What are you doing with that gun?

WILSON
(dull voiced and weary)
My wife got killed an hour ago.

DRIVER
You killed your wife?

WILSON
She got ran over by a car A hit and run. Now, I'm going after the one who done it.

DRIVER
You know who did it, you ought to call the police.

WILSON
(slowly, carefully)
No. This is one thing I got to tend to myself.

EXT. TURN OFF TO EAST EGG - DAY
The car stopping at an intersection, the turn off for East Egg.

DRIVER
(as Wilson gets out of the car)
Take my advice, Mister. Call the police.

WILSON
Much obliged for the ride.

EXT. COUNTY ROAD - DAY
Wilson trudges along a narrow country road. Two pretty girls on bicycles approach. Wilson stops them.

WILSON
(to one of the girls)
Pardon me, miss. But could you tell me where Mr. Buchanan lives?

GIRL
The Buchanan place? It's just around the curve here. The first gate on your right.

EXT. NICK'S COTTAGE - DAY
Exterior of Nick's cottage as Nick enters the front door.

INT. NICK'S COTTAGE - DAY
Nick's living room as Nick enters it and finds Gatsby there sitting in a chair.

GATSBY
(without standing up)
I hope you don't mind. I let myself in. I've been waiting for you.

NICK
(tense, hostile)

No, that’s all right.

GATSBY
(carefully)
Did you see any trouble on the road?

NICK
Yes.

GATSBY
(hesitantly)
Was she killed?

NICK
Yes.

GATSBY
I thought so. That’s what I told Daisy. It’s better that the shock should come clean and once. She stood it pretty well.

NICK
(sarcastically)
Is that all that matters? What Daisy <u>felt</u>?

GATSBY
(ignoring the question because his thoughts are deeply elsewhere)
I got to West Egg by a side road and left my car in my garage.I don’t think anyone saw us-
(pause, then)
Who was the woman?

NICK
Her name was Wilson. Her husband owned the garage. How the hell did it happen?

GATSBY
(standing up, gesturing with his hands)
Well, I tried to swing the wheel-

NICK
(interrupting, as if he’d suddenly had a startling insight)
Was- was Daisy driving?

GATSBY
(after a moment)
Yes, but of course I’ll say I was. You see, when we left New York she was very nervous and she thought it would steady her to drive. And this woman rushed out just as we were passing a car coming the other way. It must have killed her instantly.

NICK

It ripped her open.

GATSBY
(winces, then)
I tried to make Daisy stop, but she couldn’t. So I pulled on the emergency brake. After that I drove.
(pause, then)
Well, that’s it.

NICK
Yes, I guess that’s it.

GATSBY
(moving to the door)
I’d better go home. In case Daisy calls. She may need me.
(opening the door, exiting)
You wouldn’t like to come over and have a swim in the pool?

NICK
Not now.

Then, as Gatsby goes, Nick calls to him from the doorway.

NICK
Listen, Gatsby. They’re a rotten bunch. You’re better than the lot of them.

EXT. BUCHANAN HOUSE - DAY
The kitchen door of the Buchanan house, which is half glass, like a window. Through it we can see Daisy and Tom sitting at the kitchen table. There is a cold chicken between them. Tom is eating a chicken leg and talking very earnestly to Daisy, though we cannot hear what he says. Daisy simply every now and then nods, but there is a quality of intimacy, of understanding between them. Suddenly Wilson, back to camera, looms at the kitchen door and peers into the room.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY
Daisy, looking up, sees Wilson at the window.

DAISY
Tom!

Reverse shot: Wilson’s face against the glass like a huge white moth. The shot includes Tom and Daisy looking at him. Very carefully Tom gets up and opens the door. Quickly Wilson steps inside. He has the revolver in his hand pointed at Tom.

TOM
(almost amused)
Well, if it isn’t Wilson! Tell me, do you have a permit for that?

WILSON
No more of your jokes with me, Mr. High and Mighty. It was your car. You ran her down and killed her like she was no more'n a dog.

TOM
(sternly)
Either hand me that gun or put it in your pocket.

WILSON
I come here to shoot you.

TOM
Obviously. But you aren't going to. I mean it. Put the gun away and I'll tell you the truth.

Wilson wavers, then puts the gun in his pocket.

TOM
That's a good boy. Now listen to me, Wilson. That yellow car was never mine. It belonged to a man named Jay Gatsby. It was Mr. Gatsby who killed your wife.

WILSON
Gatsby?

TOM
(pointing)
He lives just across the bay there. And I suggest he's the one you'll want to have a talk with.

DAISY
(rising from her chair)
Please. No. Don't. Don't.

Tom turns and stares at her until finally she sinks back into her chair.

TOM
(to Wilson)
I'll run you over there if you want.

WILSON
(in close up)
No. Something like this. It's something a man has to handle alone.

EXT. GATSBY'S POOL - DAY
The pool. Gatsby is slowly swimming its length backstroke. He pauses and floats, looking up at the sky. THe smack of a bullet

suddenly hits the air. It hits Gatsby in the head, spins him over. Now he is floating on his stomach, face down, dead.

EXT. GATSBY'S POOL - DAY
The edge of the pool, and Wilson standing there, the gun in his hand. There are steps leading down from the pool's edge to the deeper depths of the water, Wilson starts walking down them until he is waist deep. He raises the gun and shoots Gatsby again. Suddenly Harold, the butler, and another man servant appear from the house, running and shouting. Seeing them, but as though this is what he'd planned all along, Wilson puts the barrel of the pistol in his mouth and pulls the trigger.

EXT. GATSBY'S DRIVEWAY - DAY
Around noon the next day, Gatsby's driveway. There are police cars and the intermittent sound of a police siren. Several reporters, and two photographers, are hanging around the entrance. A hearse arrives and the photographers photograph a pair of men carrying the coffin into the hearse. Also scattered around the driveway are a small crowd of curious locals, for the most part teenagers and children.

INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY
Interior of a chauffeured limousine with Meyer Wolfsheim in the back seat. The limousine is pulling up at the front of the house just as the hearse departs. The reporters and photographers peer curiously into the car.

WOLFSHEIM
(to the chauffeur)
Get out of here, Billy. Go on. Go!
(But then he sees Nick Carraway, a weary and harassed Nick, exiting from the house. Then, to the chauffeur)
Wait a minute!
(He lowers the window slightly, and calls to Nick.)
Young man! Young man!
(Nick sees him recognizes him)
Hurry! Get in!
He opens the door and Nick moves toward the car.

INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY
Interior of Wolfsheim's car as it drives aimlessly along winding country roads. Wolfsheim and Nick together in the back seat.

WOLFSHEIM
What a shock! I drove down to have lunch with Jay. I had no idea! And then I saw the police. Who is this man that shot him? Why did he do it?

NICK

(his head lolling back, his eyes closed as if he hasn't slept all night, which he hasn't)
He thought- oh hell, what does it matter what he thought. He was out of his mind.

WOLFSHEIM
What a loss. Like losing a son. I remember the first time I saw him. When he came to me. About a little business matter. And I thought: What class! An Oxford man!

NICK
He seems to have been left totally alone in the world. Not a single relative. None that I can locate

WOLFSHEIM
No. I believe all his family were dead.

NICK
I've been up all night telephoning. I tried to call you. I called all those bums that spent the summer sponging off him. When I told them what happened, some of them hung up without even saying they were sorry to hear it.
(then, slamming a fist into the palm of his hand)
God, what bastards people are.
(after a deep sigh)
Well, thank God you're here.

WOLFSHEIM
(suddenly rather cagey)
Why me? Particularly.

NICK
To make final arrangements. The funeral. All that. I mean, you were his best friend.

WOLFSHEIM
(nodding solemnly)
I was a father to him. I started him in business. I made him!
(pauses, then)
But you don't understand.

NICK
Understand?

WOLFSHEIM
I can't do it. I can't get mixed up in all this.

NICK
There's nothing to get mixed up in, it's all over now.

WOLFSHEIM

When a man gets killed I never like to get mixed up in it in any way. I keep out.
(he pats Nick's knee paternally)
Let us learn to share our friendship for a man when he's alive and not after he is dead.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY
Small country graveyard. It is raining. A small group gathered around a freshly dug grave. A minister is reading from a prayer book. His voice is an indistinguishable murmur; almost like something that is part of the rain.

NICK (VO)
Blessed are the dead the rain falls on.
(pause, then, his voice rising over the rain and the minister's murmur)
Nobody came. Daisy didn't sent flowers or a message and when I called the house, the butler said she and Tom had gone to Chicago. So nobody came. Except Harold, and the gardener, and the gardener's wife. And the minister. And me. And halfway through the ceremony someone else showed up- It was the fat little owl-eyed man I'd met at one of Gatsby's parties.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY
Owl-eyed man splashing his way toward the group at the grave. He stands beside Nick and takes off his wet spectacles and wipes them with a handkerchief.

OWL-EYED MAN
(to Nick, whispering)
I couldn't make it to the house.

NICK
Neither could anyone else

OWL-EYED MAN
(startled)
You mean-

NICK
Nobody.

OWL-EYED MAN
Why, my God. They used to come there by the hundreds.
(then, putting on his glasses and staring at the grave)
The poor son of a bitch.

INT. LONG ISLAND RAILROAD - DAY
December, three months later. Interior of a Long Island train. All passengers in winter coats and hats. Nick is sitting alone looking out the window of the moving train. A very light fall of snow flurries the air.

TOM BUCHANAN
(off screen)
Hello there, Nick.

Nick turns to see Tom standing in the aisle. He looks at him without expression.

TOM
(taking the seat beside Nick)
We just got back from Chicago last week. Daisy’s been meaning to call you.

Nick just looks at him.

TOM (CONT)
Well, aren’t you even going to speak to me?

NICK
You know what I think of you.

TOM
You’re crazy. What the hell’s got into you anyway?

NICK
Tom, what did you say to Wilson that afternoon? Just before he shot Gatsby?

TOM
I told him the truth. He came to the house. He had a gun and he was crazy enough to kill me if I hadn’t told him who owned the car.
(defiantly)
Anyway, that bastard deserved it. He ran over Myrtle like you’d slap a mosquito.
(then, slightly pleading)
Well, if you were in my shoes, what would you have done?

The train is slowing, stops. Nick turns his head and looks out the window where the show-covered ash heaps rise, and the eyes of Dr. T.J. Eckleberg loom blue and glittering in the winter light.

NICK
I don’t know, Tom. I don’t know.

The camera trawls through the window and through the snow flurried air toward a close-up of the huge, blue-eyed spectacles that covers the whole screen.

NICK (VO)
Only Dr. Eckleberg could ever answer that.

THE END.